

Mr. Borah! Mr. La Follette!

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3059

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1924

Refined Products of Oil

by William Hard

How Poincaré
Prepared for War

by Lewis S. Gannett

A Parable of Paradise
A Prize Poem

by Genevieve Taggard

Within the Law of Tooth and Claw

A True Story of the North Woods

by Webb Waldron

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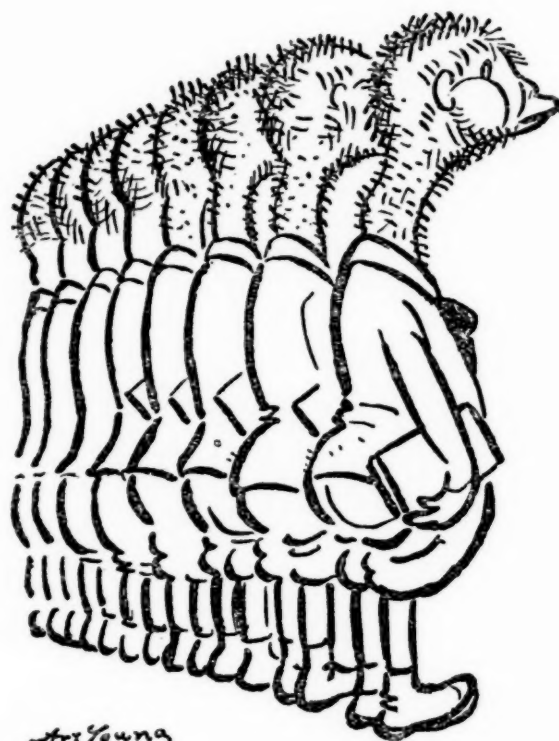
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GENERAL DAWES and his fellow-experts have been digging through piles of statistics with magnificent energy. They have already reached certain obviously wise decisions. They have made it clear that the estimates of German capital abroad have been enormously exaggerated—that far less German capital is invested abroad today than before the war—and that what is there cannot be reached for reparations except by building up Germany in such fashion that capital will be attracted homeward. This disposes of one futile suggestion. The correspondents have cabled too few details of the proposed gold bank under international control to make judgment of its significance possible. One dangerous hint has crept into the dispatches. "Instead of closeting themselves as 'practical business men,'" says Mr. James of the *New York Times*, "they will keep in close touch with members of the Reparation Commission . . . who are in close touch with the political aspects of the situation." If they attempt to double their role of economic experts with that of political fixers their usefulness will be at an end.

RAMSAY MACDONALD continues serenely to plow the soil of diplomacy in new patterns. He is demanding that France permit Germany to be elected a member of the League, suggesting that the United States join Great Britain in a new conference to limit armament, and persistently treating M. Poincaré as a human being and a friend. The British press is skeptical of the efficacy of this latter policy, but it seems to be bearing some fruit. An

agreement regarding the Cologne railways has at last been reached, and apparently the French have agreed to abandon their support of the Separatist movement in the Palatinate. This policy of friendship with the man most responsible for the present state of Europe is dangerous, but Ramsay MacDonald is unlikely to slip into compromises without being aware of them.

EUROPEAN POWERS one after another recognize Soviet Russia just as if Mr. Hughes did not exist. Italy signed a commercial treaty in the week which followed Ramsay MacDonald's unconditional recognition of the Power which Mr. Hughes still refuses to see. The Little Entente nations, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, announce their readiness to follow suit, and France, despite her record of relentless hostility, is obviously maneuvering for position in Russia. Russia still has its difficulties with China over the South Manchuria Railroad, and the negotiations with Japan drag. But if Mr. Coolidge does not get a new Secretary of State we may wake up some fine morning to discover that instead of leaving Russia out we have been left out ourselves.

FOR BLIND UNMITIGATED IDIOCY the refusal of the German Embassy in Washington to go through the form of displaying a flag at half-mast in respect to the memory of a dead President might seem beyond rivalry. But the action of the young men who arose in the night and under cover of darkness tacked an American flag to the porte-cochère of the Embassy was, if anything, even more idiotic than the German refusal to pay a formal tribute to a man whom they could not, at heart, mourn. Just what the Germans expected to achieve is hard to conceive; probably the chief effect of the action will be to check the American campaign for the relief of German children. Just how the Americans thought they honored Wilson or America in dodging the police at night and nailing a flag where it was not wanted is as obscure.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE can hardly add to his own reputation by attacking Woodrow Wilson for surrendering to the French in Paris. It is ridiculous to claim in 1924 that he knew nothing in 1919 of the agreement between Wilson and Clemenceau upon which were based the peace-treaty clauses fixing the occupation of the Rhine. Yet American newspapers are hasty in assuming that there is nothing at all behind Mr. Lloyd George's sensational charge. Mr. Harold Spender, who wrote the famous interview, is Mr. Lloyd George's biographer and close friend, and there is little likelihood that the interview was a freak. Mr. Lloyd George charged that Mr. Wilson made "a secret compact" permitting the French to occupy the Rhineland. This much truth there is in it: When Lloyd George returned to England on April 13, 1919, the Rhine frontier was left unsettled, to be the main topic of discussion in the following week, as is evidenced by the Associated Press dispatch of that date, which presumably was based on statements by the American commissioners. Ray Stannard

Baker, Mr. Wilson's faithful man Friday, says, in his official defense of the President, that "the agreement regarding the left bank of the Rhine was completed on April 16 by the consent of Wilson and Lloyd George to an occupation for fifteen years." Obviously Mr. Baker is wrong, for Lloyd George was mending his political fences in London on that date; the surrender was made by President Wilson when Mr. Lloyd George was in London. But why should Lloyd George, who is responsible for the inclusion of pensions under reparations, care to raise the question of responsibility for this or that clause of the treaty?

THE BACKBONE of the Mexican rebellion seems to have been broken. The rebels' greatest asset, control of Vera Cruz, the country's largest port, terminal of four railways, has passed to the Federals. De la Huerta's headquarters from now on will be wherever he hangs his sombrero. Guerrilla bands may hold out a long time, but the stability of the Obregon Government now seems assured, and a peaceful election and transmission of the presidency through political forms likely. De la Huerta's attempt to substitute force failed, but he wrought terrific destruction in a country struggling to recuperate from ten years of civil war. Miles of railroad torn up, bridges and tunnels dynamited, commerce paralyzed—the material cost alone has in two months run into many millions. The spiritual damage, when an era of constructive peace seemed at last to have dawned, is perhaps even more serious. And irreplaceable in Mexico, where conscientious and capable leaders are rare, is the loss of Felipe Carrillo, Yucatan's governor and reformer. The lessons of the rebellion should be taken to heart. The professional army which made it possible should be scrapped. The army has always been a drain on Mexico's treasury, a focus of corruption, and a permanent menace to order and stability. Although half of it remained loyal, Obregon's victory is chiefly due to the rallying of city and country workers who realized that their newly won economic emancipation, slight though it is, was at stake. And it is upon just such a volunteer militia that the revolutionary governments of Mexico will have to depend in the future whenever treason and reaction strike hands.

HAITI'S CONSTITUTION, drawn up under the American Occupation by the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy of the United States, provides for the holding of national elections in even years. But our regime of military occupation has as little respect for a constitution drafted in Washington as for laws passed by Haitians. By agreement with the so-called President of Haiti (who was not elected by the people but was installed by the Marines) it proclaimed that in 1924, as in 1922, 1920, and 1918, there would be no election of the legislature. The Haitians, however, weary of existence without a parliamentary body, determined to comply with their constitution at any cost. Candidates were named, and campaigns conducted. The clerks of the courts, by order of the Government, refused to accept their declarations of candidacy, but the people paid little attention to this. On January 10, despite the fact that gendarmes under the order of the United States marines watched the polls, thousands of Haitians wrote in on the ballots provided for the communal elections the names of their candidates for the two houses of the Legislature. Many deputies and a majority of the Senate were accordingly elected. Of course the Government declared

these elections null and void. How long will the people of the United States permit such tyranny to continue in its name and under the protection of its flag?

IN THE TWENTY-NINE YEARS from 1889 to 1918 3,224 lynchings—an average of 111 each year—were officially recorded in the United States. In 1919 the number had shrunk to 83, in 1920 to 65, in 1922 to 52, and in 1923 there were only 28 instances of this particular form of primitive brutality. An unprejudiced judge would hardly call twenty-eight lynchings a record to be proud of, but it does mark a steady decline in the activities of our own American anarchists. If the South is undergoing a change of heart the reasons are perhaps not far to seek: the migration of the Negroes to other regions is one; the publicity which the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill has received is indubitably another. Since 1919 the bill has twice been reported favorably in the House, and in 1922 it passed the House by a vote of 230 to 119. Its rejection by the Senate was chiefly due to a Southern filibuster. Senator Borah and others doubted its constitutionality, though the bulk of competent legal opinion seems to hold otherwise. There will be ample time and opportunity to determine this question after the bill has been passed; and meanwhile the advertising which the crime of lynching receives from the able campaign of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in behalf of the bill can only result in a more widespread disgust with the practice.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED by the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. The New England Civil Liberties Union has issued a pamphlet setting forth the outstanding features of the Sacco-Vanzetti case and explaining the demand on the part of the defense for a new trial. Witnesses in the first trial have sworn that they were coerced. William H. Proctor, firearms expert, testified with great effect that the "mortal bullet" had marks "consistent with being fired by that [Sacco's] pistol." He has since made affidavit that before the trial he repeatedly explained to the district attorney that he did not believe the "mortal bullet" had come from the Sacco pistol; that the form of his answer at the trial was made necessary by the form of the question put to him; and that the district attorney knew at that time that in his opinion that particular bullet had not been fired by Sacco's pistol. In confirmation of Captain Proctor's expert opinion the defense can now produce photographs of the pistols and bullets concerned, taken under a compound microscope, equipped with a micrometer registering one hundred-thousandth of an inch. The comparison of the photographs of the "mortal bullet" and of those of test bullets known to have been fired from Sacco's pistol shows by the difference in their markings that the so-called "mortal bullet" did not come from that pistol. It is on such evidence that the demand for a retrial is based, and it is for this new trial or, failing that, for an appeal to a higher court that money is needed. Contributions should be sent to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, 256 Hanover Street, P. O. Box 93, Boston, Mass.

THE INNUMERABLE TRAGEDIES and comedies at Ellis Island seem at last to have made a very slight dent in the sensibilities of the House Committee on Immigration, now engaged in amending Representative Johnson's latest bill. The committee still holds that if immigra-

tion were not closely restricted the entire population of Europe, Asia, and Africa would descend upon these peaceful shores in a body and put all the honest, God-fearing Nordics out of their jobs, but at least it is disposed to better the plight of the unfortunate immigrant who comes to Ellis Island not knowing whether or not he may be shipped back on the same boat in which he came, merely because the quota is full. The proposed immigration bill provides that certificates shall be issued abroad by the American consuls to persons desirous of entering the United States, the possession of a certificate indicating that its holder will come within the quota for a given period. The trend of the bill is to prevent overcrowding and uncertainty at Ellis Island, and to lay the burden of counting applicants for entry on the other side of the Atlantic. The most obnoxious feature of the bill, providing for a quota of only 2 per cent based on the census of 1890, apparently will be scotched because of fear of the political effect of such a drastic change in a presidential year.

THE DAILY WORKER, born and published in Chicago, may live and prosper after many another labor paper is forgotten, for it has several sources of strength that many of its ill-fated contemporaries have lacked. It is the organ of a cohesive and highly disciplined organization whose members will support it as a matter of party loyalty. It is a propaganda sheet; its news and its editorials are frankly "colored"—and their color is red. It makes no effort to please various factions, no pretense at being a "general" newspaper. It is the voice of the members of the Workers Party, and its money and its readers will presumably be drawn from that group. Such are the sources of the *Worker's* strength; they are also the sources of its weakness. In so far as it refuses to cater to the non-Communist workers, it will also fail to win them. We so need a labor daily in these days of high journalistic mortality and low journalistic standards that we welcome the existence of the *Worker* and admire its straightforward vigor; but we hope that it will yield to the human demand for general and non-partisan news with propaganda relegated to the editorial pages.

WHEN THE FEDERAL Department of Labor investigates conditions in sweated industries we admire it unreservedly. Unfortunately, it also attempts the school-teaching business. Its newly published "Federal Citizenship Textbook," for use in the public schools, offers our children such advice as the following:

We must respect those above us. It pays.
Be loyal to your employer. Don't be fooled by wrong talk. . . . Speak well of your bosses to other workmen.
America has been made by hard-working people. All have helped together—some with their hands, some with their brains, some with their money. . . . All these people are needed. All are workers.

Especially if your boss is an oil operator you must speak well of him to your fellow-workers while he is toiling away at Paris or Palm Beach. The "Federal Citizenship Textbook" tells you he is helping to build America.

STATISTICS OF EUROPEAN BOOK PRODUCTION which tell again the story of the last ten years are contained in the December 15 issue of *Le Droit d'Auteur*. In 1922 (the figures for 1923 are not yet complete) Ger-

many with 35,859 books led the world as she has long done in the publishing of books; Great Britain followed with 10,842; France brought out 9,432, the United States 8,638, and Italy 6,336. These totals are appalling; the world would be much better off with fewer books. But if book production is an indication of the cultural activity of a country there is matter for speculation in some of these figures. Of all the European countries only Germany and Great Britain have reached their pre-war book production—and they only in 1922. France, that in 1913 was publishing 11,460 books, is still 2,000 short, and Italy lacks 5,000 of the 11,100 she produced before the war. For England, Germany, and Italy the low production mark was in 1918. France, with little concern for anything except the catastrophe of that first war year, reached her low production mark in 1915, bettered the mark a little in 1916 and 1917, only to fall again in a depression shared by all in 1918.

F ICTION CARRIES OFF THE HONORS in every country except Italy. In Italy the social sciences lead. In France and Germany books on sociology and economics have second place, but in Great Britain and the United States they fall to fourth place. Religion is almost as popular as fiction in the United States, while in Great Britain juvenile literature, which before the war occupied the seventh and lowest position on her classified list, is now second only to general fiction. The book situation in Germany, despite its apparent recovery, has from the German point of view an almost wholly tragic aspect. The greatest book-producing and book-reading country in the world now produces its books to be read by others. Handsome editions of German classics are being brought out, translations of every sort, and thousands of books on the fine arts, beautiful examples of printing and color work—for foreign consumption. The German who buys books today is that rare person who, finding himself possessed of more marks than he needs for his day's living and knowing that his marks will be worth nothing tomorrow, invests them in books as representing a more permanent value.

Three men who have risen from the ranks of the workers are assigned to the British Royal Household by the Labor Government. John Parkinson, who began work in the coal-pits at ten years of age, is Controller of the Royal Household; John Davidson, whose career started in a boot-shop, is the Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and Thomas Griffiths, a former half-timer at fourpence a day in a tin-plate works, becomes Treasurer of the King's Household. Their duties will be largely nominal.—Press dispatch.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS

WHEN I was a young lad I worked on tin
And fourpence a day was all that I took in.
But now I am grown and a lord of the land
And I rule all the tin that the king can command.

JOHN DAVIDSON

When boots and shoes were my trade and my life
Then labor was my mother and weariness my wife,
But the Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal House
Has honor for his dam and ease for his spouse.

JOHN PARKINSON

I worked in the coal-pits along of my betters
When I ought to have been home a-learning of my letters,
But now, lord love me, what does learning mean?
Of a sudden I'm Controller of the King and the Queen.

The Call for Borah and La Follette

WASHINGTON is in such a turmoil as it has hardly known since its foundation. The nation, aroused by the foulness in its capital, looks on anxiously waiting rather helplessly for some constructive rallying cry, for some man or group of men who will lead it out of the dismal wilderness of a "business" administration. No answer comes. Senator Walsh steadily digs away at the mess of corruption, but apart from his sturdy pick-work there is no response to the country's need. Mr. Coolidge refuses to lead; he is struggling only to keep his own skirts clean, while the politicians of both parties scurry about hunting for one of their own kind who has not yet been smirched by the smell of oil. They plead piteously that men must earn a living, and lawyers must accept retainers from big business. Yet they know that the country is sick of big business and its acquisitive ethics, and yearns for men of another type. There is a groundswell such as in 1912 forced the politicians unwillingly to turn to a college president, and again they are looking about for a clean man unsoiled by Washington's unclean ways.

The dearth of men of real caliber in our political life today is pathetic. There are, however, two men in Washington, either one of whom could, if he would, put himself at the head of a movement to drive both the existing parties out of business and to give the public a new and a square deal. To Senator Borah and to Senator La Follette these scandals come as real tests of their statesmanship, their unselfishness, and their independence of petty party considerations. If Senator La Follette should announce his candidacy the standpat Republican managers would be appalled; they would be compelled to admit the loss of perhaps eight States. Senator La Follette, running on a third ticket, might not carry all eight, but his candidacy would put into the Democratic column those States which he did not win. His tremendous prestige in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Washington, Iowa, and Nebraska gives him the whip hand. He cannot much longer put off the decision as to whether he will head the third party for which the hour calls.

Or—Mr. Borah. If he really is through with both the old parties and if he is ready to put his powerful mind and shining uprightness at the service of his fellow-citizens, for him, too, opportunity is ripe. His plea for Denby, however, is disappointing. If he delays longer, there will inevitably be suspicion that he is waiting in the hope, perhaps, that as the Republican convention nears and the danger of a standpat candidate becomes clearer, the party will turn to him as a progressive less radical than Senator La Follette.

Hanging back is emphatically not the need of the hour. That man will command the scene who comes forward now with a ringing declaration and specific pledges. Nor will it be enough to purge the parties and the cabinet-room in the White House; government by and for the big industrialists must be ended. Such a leader ought to give the country a definite and far-reaching program of reform. He should be ready to move for government ownership of the railroads and nationalization of the mines and oil reserves; he should urge a constitutional convention to give our organic law a thoroughgoing revision. Congressional government is breaking down; as the House is now organ-

ized talent is practically barred from it. Senator Couzens has moved in the right direction in presenting a bill to give cabinet members seats in one of the houses where they could be cross-questioned daily as to the conduct of their business and the policies they sponsor. Had Secretary Fall been compelled to come to such a question-hour it is probable that he would not have dared to give away the naval oil reserves. A man as stupid and as lacking in ability as Secretary Denby would certainly not hold office long if he had to defend his official course against congressional attacks made in his presence. Those who know the House of Commons realize that there is no more important feature of the British method of carrying on governmental business than this give-and-take by direct personal contact between the executive and the legislative branches of the government.

Nationalization of the railroads and federal control of our natural resources are necessary if we are ever to take out of the hands of the big interests that supreme power against which Roosevelt orated and Wilson pleaded so eloquently. The fact that we are no further along than we were ten or fifteen years ago in winning the government back to the people is proof that more drastic remedies than have heretofore been attempted are essential. Somehow or other we must find a way to get a new type of man to the front. When one sees how easy it was for Ramsay MacDonald to put together a Cabinet of remarkable talent, men of the administrative and scholarly ability of Sidney Webb, Ponsonby, Trevelyan, Olivier, Snowden, Buxton, and Haldane, it is distressingly plain that the present American system provides scant opportunity for men of similar talent and ability to enter political life. There are men in America who measure up to the standards of the MacDonald Cabinet, but they are not getting political training.

Certainly more is needed than to turn out one set of rascals, to rehabilitate one party or the other, to put into conspicuous office a few clean and honorable men like Senator La Follette or Senator Borah. A party organized about an individual cannot endure—that was the lesson of the Progressive crusade; but an individual may galvanize into national unity a movement which already exists. Progressivism in the Northwest is no mushroom growth; it has its roots in the generous enthusiasm that was wasted on Populism and Free Silver; it has tested itself through Republican insurgentism, through the eras of the Progressive Party and of the Nonpartisan League, and has been finding itself under the leadership of Robert La Follette. But it lacks, at present, the broad perspective and the body of competent officers which a national movement needs.

All this reinforces the opportunity and the duty before Senator La Follette or Senator Borah—there is no reason why there should not be competition for the honor of leading in this hour. If neither leads, then both will be condemned as having been tried and found wanting in a most critical hour. The faith of the American people in its institutions cannot be much longer preserved if the sordid and selfish interests in our business life continue to control, if in the face of scandals crying for redress no leader comes forward to say that these things shall cease and that the conditions which make them possible shall be ended.

A General Turns Pacifist

GENERAL PERCIN was one of the French artillery officers most concerned in perfecting the famous 75-millimeter field gun. When the war broke out in 1914 he was in command of the Lille area, but after a few weeks he was removed from his post and then placed on the retired list, on the alleged ground that his mistakes had been responsible for the loss of Lille. It was generally believed, however, that his dismissal was due to his political opinions rather than to any incompetence. The general defended himself vigorously in a book entitled "Lille, 1914." Recently he created something of a sensation by announcing his conversion to pacifism. His "confession of faith," which appeared in *L'Ordre Naturel*, a French pacifist review, is so extraordinary a document that we print it here in full:

I was brought up as an ardent militarist, not to say jingo, and in 1865 entered the army as a professional soldier. I was twice wounded in the war of 1870, and for the next forty years detested the Germans and ardently prepared for a war of revenge. Now, at the age of 77, I have become an uncompromising pacifist, a keen internationalist, and a strong partisan of a Franco-German rapprochement.

The war of 1914-1918 showed me the fallacy of believing that war is an unavoidable evil, the only method of settling international disputes. I now see that war no longer pays; it does not even secure peace, but only breeds immorality and opens the door to political reaction. Victory is no longer the reward of bravery, of ardor in a just cause; it is but the result partly of superiority in mechanical resources, partly of purely fortuitous circumstances, so that the wrong side is as likely to win as the right. War is not only a ruinous, barbarous, and inhuman way of settling international disputes, but an extremely stupid way as well, and must be replaced by something rational and effective. That method is the arbitration of the League of Nations—but of a real league, from which no one is excluded, not even Germany.

The fundamental error of the Treaty of Versailles was to negotiate without Germany, to extort from her a confession of guilt, and to make her solely responsible for war damages. There can be no solution to the problem of reparations as long as the responsibility of each belligerent in the World War has not been defined by a tribunal in which France will not be simultaneously judge and plaintiff. That tribunal must be the League of Nations.

Before the League can be, however, a true international body, it must be controlled by men with a true international outlook, not by delegates primarily charged with the defense of their own country's interests. What then are the practical steps to be taken toward this end?

First, the creation of an international mind by the suppression of barriers such as customs and passports.

Secondly, the destruction of the war-time mind by educating peoples to the fallacy of old traditions concerning the alleged glory of war and the supremacy of so-called national interests; by inculcating into children the idea that there is nothing more "noble" about the profession of arms than about that of a scavenger; by remodeling our teaching of history; by no longer giving soldiers or weapons as toys; by refusing to perpetuate in street names either battles or soldiers, replacing such names by those of real benefactors of humanity—in a word, by making pacifism as fashionable as "bellicisme" has been hitherto.

Thirdly, the suppression of the chief cause of war, by the internationalization of the wealth of the sub-soil, such as the coal of the Ruhr, the iron ore of Lorraine, the oil of Mosul.

It is to that triple reform that the League of Nations should now direct its energies.

Mr. Albee, Meet Mr. Jefferson

EDWARD F. ALBEE, national chairman of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, announces in the *Washington Post* a campaign to make of Jefferson's home, Monticello, "an active agency of relentless war against the dangerous radicalisms of our time, when the teachings of Jefferson are needed as never before in the history of our country." Mr. Albee should begin by buying a set of the works of Thomas Jefferson, and discovering what his teachings were. He might be frightened into resignation.

"God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion," Thomas Jefferson wrote when he heard that the farmers of western Massachusetts had taken their guns in hand and marched forth to protest taxes they did not like. "What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that this people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon, and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is a natural manure."

No, the fathers of this country were not the thin-spirited souls who make up the Sons of the Revolution, the memorial funds, and the patriotic societies today. They liked nothing better than a rebellious spirit. Thomas Jefferson did not forget that he had been a revolutionary himself. "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form," he said in his First Inaugural Address, "let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Nor did tenure of office spoil his spirit: after two terms in the Presidency he could still write of "the tardy will of governments, who are always, in their stock of information, a century or two behind the intelligent part of mankind." A man of that spirit could be used in the State Department today. And it might be well to discover a candidate for the Presidency who would write, as Jefferson did in 1799: "I am not for a standing army in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy which, by its own expenses and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens and sink us under them."

No, Jefferson would not get on today. We might even arrest him as an anarchist. "I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing," he said; and when the Alien and Sedition Acts were passed, he "discharged every person under punishment or prosecution under the sedition law, because I considered, and now consider, that law to be a nullity, as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image, and that it was my duty to arrest its execution at every stage." Debs could not be more defiant. Men were jailed in the late war for less than Jefferson's remark: "As for France and England . . . the one is a den of robbers and the other of pirates."

Make Jefferson's home "an active agency of relentless war" against "radicalism"? As soon dedicate the Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, birthplace of A. Mitchell Palmer as a Temple of Tolerance or make Mr. Fall's ranch at Three Rivers, New Mexico, a Shrine of Self-Sacrifice.

Is Labor a Lost Hope?

THE last convention of the United Mine Workers was one of the stormiest in its stormy history. Of late years many union conventions have had melodramatic clashes between the platform and the floor. In no other union, however, is the rank and file so openly and yet so helplessly rebellious against a domineering leadership. When well-nigh the entire convention raised bedlam for over an hour against what seemed a too bold steal of their votes, President John L. Lewis contemptuously thundered above the din that they "could shout until they met in hell." Mr. Lewis's policy of appointing instead of electing organizers and field workers lost on a viva voce and then on a rising vote, but miraculously won on a roll call. The officers of the "red" Nova Scotia district were not reinstated; neither were Alexander Howat and the tried leaders of the Kansas miners. Today Mr. Lewis controls four "provisional" districts in which every official is his appointee. An old-time delegate expressed the feelings of very many of his fellows when he dubiously shook his head upon leaving the convention and said: "I don't care how strong the administration seems. If they must resort to such tactics . . . then our union will soon begin to disintegrate."

The publicity given to this fight within the United Mine Workers forces a reconsideration of the significance of the labor movement in American life. The time has come when its friends must speak frankly. Throughout the world in the last decades the young and forward-looking have been turning eagerly to labor as the most hopeful avenue of escape from a civilization brutalized by machinery and dominated by the lust for profit and power. Yet labor, particularly in America, is increasingly accepting the ethical standards and practices of our acquisitive society.

There is in the American labor movement today sadly little social enthusiasm or constructive energy for the struggle against war and waste. The Plumb Plan is in a sleep that looks like death, leaving behind no better claimant to the loyalty of the railway unions. The miners' resolution in favor of the nationalization of coal has been put on a high shelf by President Lewis. The decline in the membership of the American Federation of Labor continues, yet no dramatic or effective drive is made to organize the millions of America's unorganized workers. The militant membership of the unions is absorbed in factional fights carried on with a contemptuous disregard for standards of fair play. The energy of many labor leaders is exhausted in hanging on to their jobs—a task in which they are aided in many of the international unions by as clever devices for political manipulation and as flagrant a system of pocket boroughs as ever an old English aristocracy or a modern political boss could imagine. The natural result is a widely diffused cynicism among the rank and file, coming to the surface in such outlaw strikes as broke out among the shoe workers of Brockton, Massachusetts, and the pressmen of New York City, directed as much against their own officers as against the employers.

We are not here attempting a balanced presentation of the present state of organized labor; our readers know our belief that the labor movement of today, despite its faults, is the chief present agency of social progress. Too many great movements have faltered as they approached their goal, and the American labor movement seems to us

to show dangerous symptoms of decay. Some observers point cheerfully to the rapid development of labor banks in this country. But if there is behind the labor banks today a reasoned theory and plan of social amelioration to be wrought by labor through the control of its own financial resources and credit the leaders hesitate to admit it. Nor is there much reflection upon the possible effects of adding the psychology of the bank director to the psychology of the trade-union official. Neither the lust for power nor the thirst for profit is likely to be seriously endangered by the advent of trade-union capitalism.

In fact, the establishment of four labor banks in rapid succession in New York City emphasizes the disunion and factionalism of the labor movement. There may be room for more than four labor banks in New York City; more than four might have developed in time as the pioneers achieved success. But four were established within a few months without consultation, and they were sure to come into sharp rivalry. Mutual recrimination has already begun. The line of division is in the first instance between the two banks owned by members of the American Federation of Labor and the two outside the Federation. An effective labor movement would care more for labor as a whole than for accidental organization lines. Instead, one bank is bitterly denouncing the others. Plainly labor banking has brought with it no balm to heal the internal sores which give the employing class so great an advantage in the labor struggle.

But it is not the fact that there are divisions between unions or sharp factional struggles within unions which is most disquieting. It is the spirit in which these combats are carried on. It is a spirit devoid of fairness. "Only liberals and fools talk about fairness in a fight like this" was the recent expression of one of the factional warriors. We have neither the space nor the heart to illustrate the matter at length. The perfect example was that extraordinary attack on "Reds" issued by Ellis Searles with the approval of the officers of the United Mine Workers. The principal "investigator" for Mr. Searles, there is reason to believe, had been an agent for the most virulent anti-union employers. The report was more mendacious, absurd, libelous than the best efforts of W. J. Burns. Few capitalist newspapers would have published it save for the authority of a powerful union. And that is but one illustration of many which warrant the statement that the political struggle within certain unions is today carried on more ruthlessly than on the political battlefield of the nation.

For all this there is no mechanical remedy, certainly no remedy that can be applied from without. The situation requires a new ethical sense and a new social vision within the unions themselves. Will labor education perhaps lift enough of the workers above the noise and dust of the strife of trade unions for advantage and of factions for power, and enable them to see what must be done for the sake of that future of which labor should be the chief builder? Will a better leadership arise from the ranks of the workers, a leadership which will make it possible for labor to play its part in the coming national crisis? We do not know, but we hope. And while the present outlook is dark the record of labor's long struggle justifies hope.

How Poincaré Prepared for War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

"Your French colleague (M. Poincaré) is annoyed by the campaign of the Radical Socialists which consists in saying: 'We will not permit a war to grow out of Eastern affairs, particularly out of the relations between Serbia and Austria.' To paralyze this campaign in the press some money is needed . . ."

THUS M. Arthur Raffalovich, the Czar's secret agent in Paris, reported to the Russian Prime Minister in December, 1912. The Second Balkan War was drawing to its close as a triumph for the Balkan Allies, and Austria and Serbia were at swords' points over the questions raised by it. Europe was on the verge of a war. A few papers in Paris were warning France of the imminent catastrophe. M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France and Minister of Foreign Affairs, was "annoyed" (the French word is *ennuyé*), and he turned to his Russian ally for money with which to silence them. He got it; but despite his success in buying off the pacifist press* the war was averted—postponed for two years.

This particular Russian press campaign in Paris is particularly significant because it sheds an unholy light on M. Poincaré's state of mind in the days when the World War was brewing. These bribes bore no relation to the Russian loans placed in Paris; they related to the attitude of the Paris press toward the question of peace or war in Europe. As will be seen, the money was used to stifle peace sentiment in Paris and to help force the provocative three-year military-service law on France.

It was in October, 1912, in the midst of the Balkan war, that the Russian ambassador in Paris, Izvolski, came to feel the need of a subsidized press campaign. The possibility of Austrian, then of Russian intervention, followed by just such a European conflagration as burst out in 1914, loomed large. M. Izvolski wrote to his chief in Russia, suggesting the allocation of a sum of 300,000 francs, to be distributed to Paris newspapers through M. Lenoir, who had managed the largesse of 1904-1905. Izvolski had, of course, consulted Poincaré. (As he put it, "the French statesmen are very familiar with affairs of this kind.") M. Poincaré approved the subsidies and offered to suggest the "most opportune" method of distributing them. The men at the helm in St. Petersburg, however, were loath to spend so much money on the Paris newspapers; the experience of 1904-1905 had convinced them that Paris editors had insatiable financial appetites and did not "stay bought."

M. Poincaré and M. Klotz, his Minister of Finance, however, were not to be stopped. They were engaged in the campaign to force a three-year military-service law in France, where a peace party was objecting that France should not let Russia drag her into a war. They needed help. They pressed the matter in October, and again in December. On December 2, 1912, Raffalovich wrote to the

Russian premier: "M. Lenoir called to ask if anything had been turned over for the press affair, for which you and I have an equal repugnance." "But," Raffalovich added, "our feeling should yield to the indications of M. Poincaré and M. Klotz." St. Petersburg still hesitated. Ten days later he reported that M. Izvolski "considers the situation grave, and foresees occupation of the Serbian capital by the Austrians"—in other words, a European war. Under these conditions, he added, "the ambassador believes that we should not haggle about the 100,000 francs that M. Klotz wants for the period to the end of January. . . ." This fragment is also significant:

I complimented M. Izvolski on the new attitude of the *Temps*; in its last-minute news I had read dispatches dated from St. Petersburg, which he had dictated [in Paris]. He told me that he exercised a certain influence upon four daily newspapers, including the *Eclair*. As he had spoken of giving money to certain individuals I asked their names so as to have Lenoir pay them. He replied that it was impossible to name them, that he had to pay them in cash, hand to hand. . . . It amounted to about 30,000 francs.

St. Petersburg agreed to advance the 100,000 francs.

One hundred thousand francs, however, did not satisfy the French Minister of Finance. He wanted the full 300,000 suggested in October. The Russians had virtually promised that in the course of time they would turn over the larger sum. Poincaré was elected President in January, 1913. First Briand and then Barthou succeeded him as Prime Minister, but Klotz remained in charge of the Treasury, and the policy of the succeeding cabinets hardly changed. The Chamber was in constant turmoil as the governments pressed the three-year military-service bill. Klotz insistently demanded the money of Raffalovich.

Klotz was frank enough. "He insists upon the necessity of spending a large sum on the press because of the possibility of a campaign against the new military law, and also in connection with the general difficult situation of the French Cabinet," the Russian Minister of Finance wrote, in asking Sazonov's advice on June 4, 1913. Apparently Klotz and Poincaré felt it unsafe to use the regular French government propaganda funds on their own press, and turned to the Czar to help them force on France a law which the French people did not want. Raffalovich and Izvolski argued that Russian interests also should be safeguarded, but M. Klotz felt that a good ally should ask no questions. Sazonov finally decided that Klotz should get another 100,000 francs, but "on condition that the subventioned press supports our interests primarily, for instance in Balkan questions, and also supports the policy of the French Cabinet and realization of the French law for three-year military service." Raffalovich had a hard time explaining this to M. Klotz, who, on receiving news of the conditions, was very angry and said that he would complain to M. Poincaré! Apparently, however, the Russian insistence bore small fruit, for the entire 100,000 francs was spent in bribing Radical Socialist papers which were opposing the Poincaré-Klotz-Barthou military law. Raffalovich forwarded the checks in November, 1913—42,000 francs to the *Lanterne*, 17,000 to the *Aurore*, 11,000 to the *Événement*, 9,000 to the

* Mr. Gannett's article, *The Secret Corruption of the French Press*, which appeared in *The Nation* for February 6, summarized revelations, from the Soviet archives, of the systematic bribery of the Paris and London press by Czarist gold, from 1914 to the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. A few American papers in referring to these revelations have spoken of "alleged" documents, but in Paris, where the documents have been published in the *Humanité* and the *Quotidien*, their authenticity is accepted. M. Poincaré evaded discussion of them in the Chamber, and the *Temps*, the mouthpiece of the Foreign Office, accused of accepting 150,000 francs a year from a foreign government, has not breathed a word of denial.

Action, 11,000 to the *France*, 7,000 to the *Rappel*, 2,000 to the *Gil Blas*, and 1,000 to the *Paris-Journal*. The fateful three-year military-service law had been passed on August 7—just one year before the war.

This may seem a detailed bit of ancient history. It is important because it reveals the manner in which the French people were inveigled into bellicose measures by Poincaré and other militarist leaders. *Poincaré actually induced a foreign government to give him money with which to bribe his own press—to that was democracy in France reduced.*

The existence of the Franco-Russian Alliance (which Russian newspaper bribes had helped to buy) kept Russian

eyes on the French but the documents also reveal smaller payments to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Börsen Zeitung*, and other German papers—listed apparently as “advertising.” The *Amsterdam Telegraaf* and the *London Times* were liberally paid in war time for publishing Russian supplements similar to those of the *Paris Temps*—the *Telegraaf* 60,000 florins a year and the *Times* £14,400—though no such abject contracts as Charles Rivet made for the *Temps* have yet been revealed. Indeed an American, “Mr. J. D. Welpley,” appears on the list as receiving \$2,500 a year from 1913 to 1917 “for inserting articles in the American press.” Has anything changed since 1917?

A Parable of Paradise

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

There'll be a glassy paradise
Where all will have their crowns of ice,
And all will wear their robes of snow;
And the trees will bow and the winds will blow—
And men will falter to and fro.

Men will prowl like timid beasts
Hungry after a hundred feasts
And break the bracken down in the woods,
Crash and fret and gaze and spy—
And look for nothing, low and high.

Then they will shiver, and go to sleep . . .

To sleep, to sleep, and toss and sigh—
Sprawled they will mutter where they lie,
And sit up rigid, and wonder why.

They seem to stretch and never wake:
There is a glaze they cannot break
To the world outside or the inner eye;
Oh, how they retch and cannot ache,
Oh, how they try and cannot weep—
And there's nothing to do but shiver and sleep.

This weight of nothingness is more
Than any planet stood before.
Shades and empty clouds will gather
Tons of fret in weight of weather,
Till under the burden of this lack
Obeisant earth will warp and crack,
Open a wound to bleed them terror.

Lava, lava. Slow and thick
Earth oozes, shudders, and is sick.

How they will gape at the molten stone,
Take earth's illness for their own,
And groan . . .

There they will stand, stormed by pain,
The obscene flood, the lewd stain.

Across the glassy zones of ice
Comes the long writhe and the slow hiss,
Sluggish red, the fire's kiss—
Snaky mark in paradise.

And who is this delivers them?
The serpent, yea, the very same
Who was their doom and shame.

Cast down your haughty diadem,
Your paradisaal diadem,
Into the lava flame.

Now all the pent-up rivers run
In head-long silence under sun;
And miracle, oh, miracle,
The silver fluid in their veins
Is moving in a miracle:

In them their own volcanoes seethe,
And their bright bodies breathe . . .

And fixedly as in a spell
They watch the serpent writhe, and wreath
Over the earth, and on to smite
The glassy sea—and the marble, white
Stone sea uplifts a mist of light.

Oh, what marvels they behold:
The mountains settling, fold on fold,
Cliffs that melt, and rivers gold,
And mists like angels rising slowly,
Singing holy, holy, holy.

They are not souls, but flesh at last,
And the rent earth, under the ice,
Dearer than any paradise—
Into the sea their crowns they cast,
Into the air go up their cries,
With joy they rend their snowy guise,
And now they wait, transfixed with awe,
By the white sea—by the red flaw. . . .

For the poem printed above Miss Taggard has been awarded second prize in The Nation's Poetry Contest. The winning poem, "Jezebel," by Scudder Middleton, was published in last week's issue; and the poem receiving honorable mention, "Advice to a Clam Digger," by Wilbert Snow, will appear next week.

Refined Products of Oil

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HOW old is Ralston? That is the question that began incessantly to circulate among Democrats as soon as McAdoo was accused by Doheny of having been his lawyer. Friends of Underwood, friends of Smith, friends of Cox, friends of Davis all claimed, it is true, that McAdoo's alleged political demise would benefit their favorites in the Democratic nomination race. It soon appeared, however, that the McAdoo following, if it left McAdoo, would find it difficult to go to Smith, because of Smith's being wet; would find it difficult to go to Cox, because of old enmities; and would find it difficult to go to Underwood or to Davis, because of their being regarded as conservatives.

Therefore little by little, in every group of Democratic political confabulators, the talk would return to the question: How old is Ralston?

There is of course no doubt whatsoever that from the standpoint of national political experience and of long acquaintance with the problems of the national government the most qualified Democratic running candidate for the nomination for the Presidency is Underwood. He served ten terms in the House of Representatives. He was the immediate author of a distinguished tariff law. He is serving his second term in the Senate. He was one of the four American delegates at the Washington Arms Conference. He is a man of a personal disposition gentle and kindly and considerate of others. He is a man of a public record notable for careful attentiveness to his duty as he sees it and for the personal regard which he has gathered to himself from his colleagues.

Thus the Democratic Party finds itself in the position of wanting to look progressive this year and of discovering nevertheless that its most qualified potential candidate is a conservative and a Southerner.

It also has the pain to discover that its new political star, Senator Walsh of Montana, is a Catholic. It fears that if it should nominate Cox there will be voters who will remember that this is the man who ran in 1920. It regrets the Catholicism and the bottomless wetness of Smith. It deplors the legal services rendered by Davis to dark New York interests known on the prairies as "the Morgans" and the "Sugar Trust."

The progressive part of the Democratic Party, surveying this scene, had fixed its affections centrally on McAdoo, who, next to Underwood, is undoubtedly better acquainted with the national government and with its problems than any other Democratic presidential contestant.

McAdoo, it is true, has never been elected to any office. His total public life seems to have consisted of being at one time a deputy clerk in a federal court in Tennessee and then of being Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads during the war. He nevertheless did gain during the war a quite deep knowledge of many major national economic and political situations, and it is impossible to converse with him without realizing that ever since his retirement from office he has given his mind most actively and intently to studies of this country's principal economic and political issues, both national and international. Without Underwood's length of experience and

depth of accumulated political second nature, McAdoo, like Underwood, is a national public man.

Davis's contacts with national legislation and administration have consisted of two terms in the House of Representatives, of five years of service as Solicitor General in the Department of Justice, and then of a sojourn in London as American ambassador. Manifestly this round of experience leaves Davis inferior to both Underwood and McAdoo as a tried national public man.

Cox was a member of the federal House of Representatives for two terms during the Presidency of William Howard Taft and since that time has had nothing to do with Washington except to run for the Presidency.

Smith never at any time has had anything to do with the federal government. Nor has Ralston, except during the period which has elapsed since December 3 last and which has seen him in Washington as United States Senator from Indiana. Ralston was never in the lower house. He was never a member of the Cabinet. He was never a subordinate official in any federal department. By the time the Democratic convention meets he will have had an experience of about seven months as Senator. This is perhaps the only country in the world in which men can get chosen to head the national government without any previous important national experience and achievement.

Ralston indeed, according to all available testimony, was an excellent Governor of Indiana. He also has had a continuous interest in politics since his early manhood. He has been a convinced consistent low-tariff old-fashioned Jeffersonian party Democrat year after year in Indiana. He is a man for whose personal character the whole State of Indiana seems to have a profound esteem and for whose work as Governor his fellow-Indianans have both esteem and gratitude. He runs for office always reluctantly. He refused to try to succeed himself as Governor. He was induced to run for United States Senator only after the most vigorous pressure upon him by local Democratic leaders who finally told him that he would be an ingrate to the party if he refused to run. Moved by that taunt, he did run and managed to beat the distinguished Republican Albert J. Beveridge.

Progressives cannot convict Ralston of being a reactionary, nor conservatives of being a radical. If McAdoo by the magic which often lies in a display of courage succeeds in breaking through the insinuations leveled against him because of his employment as a lawyer by Doheny, the question now to the front about Ralston may begin to die away.

The answer to it is that Ralston is sixty-six years old. The Democratic donkey, finding some reason for shying away from each of its prospective riders, pokes its ears suspiciously forward toward that alarming figure sixty-six. It begins to be thought, however, that if Ralston will rest on his record and will abstain from all the exhaustions of politics and will hire a couple of doctors and a physical trainer and spend all his time on a golf links and go to the convention ruddy and abounding in obvious health, he may very well by that course of conduct find himself running with great speed toward the White House.

The Jew Meditates

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IN 1918 a very distinguished gentleman of German name and birth came to a Jewish friend of his and said: "I now know what it is like to be a Jew. Wherever I go there is a moral atmosphere that forces upon me a moral decision. I must connive at the concealment of my origin or proclaim it; I must risk the imputation of cowardice or effrontery. People are cold to me and I wince; they are kind to me and I also wince. In their coldness is disdain, in their kindness an unescapable tinge of pity or patronage. The psychical fabric of my social behavior is in shreds. I know exactly now why you and your people are accused of bad manners. How can one's manners be 'good' when all agreements and social certainties are lacking? Whatever one does will be considered an excess. And indeed it is always an excess, a sinking below or reaching above a norm. But the reason is that the norm is shifting, is unstable. I never know where I am. So my behavior is apt to be blind. Can you blame me if, for comfort, for self-respect, for inner peace, I am more and more inclined to associate only with my cultural and racial kinsmen? They may bore me sometimes and surfeit me. But I cannot always be living on a knife's edge. So I am beginning to understand the voluntary and yet involuntary segregation of Jewry—"

"The Ghetto habit," the Jew put in. "Yes, we even build our houses in the same neighborhood. We are always, you see, in difficulties. If there is a new Gentile neighbor we don't know whether to call or not. If we do we risk an affront; yet if we do not we risk being discourteous to, perhaps, charming and liberal people. The wonder is that under such pressure we have not hardened into indifference. Our sons and daughters at school and college are tossed from horn to horn of the same dilemma. And the worst of it is that we are all super-sensitive because we are neurasthenic. We might as well be frank with others and with ourselves about that. Whether it is the millennial burden of cultural life or the millennial burden of persecution doesn't matter. We are a people with abnormally and morbidly acute nerves and appetites and sensibilities. Our physical stamina seems boundless; our nervous systems are smashed. There is scarcely a Jewish family in which there isn't either madness or genius. Commonly both."

The German nodded. "I think I grasp the situation perfectly. My remote descendants in America will be like you if the present situation lasts. But"—he straightened himself—"it won't."

"No," the Jew agreed. "The historical accident or fatality that has placed you in your present situation is temporary in its effects; the fatality that has placed me in mine is eternal."

With that they parted. But in the five years that have elapsed the Jew has observed his German friend. Something of ease and comfort and simplicity of conduct has never wholly come back to this man. The marks of persecution are hidden, but they are deep.

In the present year an American friend came to the Jew and said: "This wave of anti-Semitism is un-American; it is damnable. What are we going to do about it?"

The American was enormously sincere and well-meaning.

His mind was efficient and his fists doubled for a righteous fray. The Jew smiled a crooked smile.

"You can't really do anything about it."

The American braced himself cheerily. "Nonsense! That's rank pessimism."

The Jew said: "Listen to me a little. Remember that Jew-baiting has nothing to do with Jewish characteristics or rather, I should say, with the *quality* of Jewish characteristics. We are hated for our wealth and for our poverty, for our plutocrats and for our Reds, for display and for stealth, for hard-headedness and warm-heartedness, for arrogance and servility, for pushingness and reserve, for speech and silence, for political participation and non-participation. If we desire assimilation you drive us out of your universities by chicanery and insult; if we do not strive after assimilation you say we ought to go where we came from. If we make shoddy moving pictures you blame us; but if we create and support more than half of the art life of the country, in the theater, in literature, in music, you blame us no less. You flunk sincerely to our great financiers, and perhaps the only thing that might conceivably reconcile you to us is a preponderance of mere power. We haven't it; we can never have it; we don't want it. Our highest expressions of material power are always second rate. The greatest bankers, the biggest merchants, the most powerful oligarchs are not Jews. The greatest fiddlers are Jews; some of the greatest living poets and scientists are Jews. Does that reconcile you? It isn't, you see, so easy."

The American was crestfallen. His kindly energy had gone out of him. He was desperately uncomfortable in the face of a situation where something ought to be done—something righteous and American and immediate—and where something gray and futile and eternal seemed, wraith-like yet impenetrable, to block all paths.

He fidgeted. Then he blurted out. "Then why don't you assimilate in the literal sense; why don't you intermarry?"

The Jew shrugged his shoulders. . . . There was a time when he had shrugged his shoulders innocently and naturally. Then had come years in which he didn't shrug his shoulders at all. He had wanted to be an American gentleman. Now it was a point of honor with him to shrug his shoulders whenever the impulse came to him—to shrug them neither defiantly nor surreptitiously, but just simply. By an elaborate psychical process he usually succeeded now in a perfect imitation of himself. . . . He said: "Just as there is a will to persist, that is, to affirm its identity, in the individual organism, so there is in those larger and looser organisms known as racial and cultural groups. This will isn't conscious by nature. But it is very strong. Among us, moreover, it has been forced into consciousness and has become implicated with our human honor. You are what you are by blood, descent, inheritance. If the world misprizes what you are, it misprizes the father that begot and the mother who bore you. To merge yourself with those who persecute you and deny your worth is to repudiate yourself and your ancestors even to the remotest. It is to give in, to fling away your people and yourself, to admit all accusations, shoulder all guilt, and invite for it the penalty

of extinction. It cannot be done. The children of mixed marriages usually marry Jews again and return to Jewry, and the more high-minded and sensitive and unworldly they are the surer is this process of reassimilation. It is not that we do not love Gentiles or are not loved by them in return. On the contrary. Love alone seems to transcend these ancient divisions. But deep-rooted pieties and points of honor intervene to give us pause. Not until the last vestige of anti-Semitism has been eradicated from the world will literal assimilation be possible. And then, perhaps, it will not be desired."

"Then," said the American, "have you no solution to offer?"

"Solution?" asked the Jew. "To your mind there is a Wrong here for which you want to substitute a Right. I do very truly appreciate that impulse in you. But it's an impulse out of touch with realities. The world is far too intricate for what you call a 'solution' of a given difficulty, certainly of any difficulty as ancient and persistent and troublesome as this. I do not deny that things are better. In most countries, just as heretics are no longer burned, neither are we. As Europe recovers from the war actual pogroms will, no doubt, cease again. And in each generation decent and liberal people like yourself have contributed to this end and have, in so far, deserved the gratitude not only of Israel but of mankind. The deep, fundamental difficulty remains. Only manners and modes of operation change. The Jews will remain a minority, an ever more highly intellectualized minority, therefore always outcasts and martyrs and, by virtue of their high sensitiveness and high power of expressiveness through the arts, protesting outcasts and articulate martyrs."

"Then what, then what are you driving at?"

"People like yourself will help us," the Jew said. "And you are bound to help us for the sake of your own inner integrity. But our salvation must come from within. It must come from our acceptance—not of flagrant injustice or the harsher forms of exclusion—but of our essential fate."

"A great Jew has said that we are still, all of us, obscurely conscious of election. It is true. Well, election to what? To restoring Palestine or rebuilding the Temple of Solomon? Without wholly sharing the Zionist ideology, I am anxious and eager to see the Palestinian colonies flourish. And I am much more in sympathy with the mystical Zionists than with the bourgeoisie which repudiates Zionism in favor of hundred-per-cent Americanism or Britishism or Germanism. God protect us from the gentlemen who, because they have money and comfort, sign the blank checks of any state that has them in its power. The superstition of absolute sovereignties and allegiances, as Albrecht Mendelssohn-Bartholdy has so magnificently proved, must be eradicated if the world, including Jewry, is to be saved at all. The Jews were great patriots in the World War. No field but was soaked with their blood. I do not ask: What has it availed them? I ask: What has it availed mankind? But suppose that, like Albert Einstein, they had followed their own greatest—had followed Jesus and Spinoza, had written upon banners of love and protest their immemorial motto 'Israel's Mission is Peace'? They would have been martyred, you say? They are martyred now. But now their martyrdom is without a meaning. That is the tragedy—that, only that!"

"They must give meaning to their martyrdom. As indi-

viduals they do. No battle is fought for human freedom but Jews are there; no prison where men are held for the sake of conscience but Jews are there. Look into the garrets where artists starve for the integrity of their art. Jews are there. And not only are they there, but they are there in such numbers, in proportion to their whole number, as to show the instinctive striving to be worthy of that obscure feeling of election that is in them. And likewise if you seek here or in other countries, but especially in America, for those who support the causes of art and tolerance and peace you will find so many Jews that, without them, those causes would often be in great danger. I do not say that, as some Jews do, in pride. I say it with humility and almost with shame. For the deep instincts that teach them to be what they are and do what they do seem never to rise into their minds. With their minds they are always seeking to escape their fate—in patriotism and in all those things of which the world is weary, in all those things which are at the root of the deadly sickness of the world. They are martyred and they do not know to what."

"They must embrace their fate. Their history and their character teaches them what that fate and that mission and that salvation is. A friend tells me of a young Jew at West Point who, suffering from the alleged physical timidity of his folk, made himself the best boxer of his class. That poor lad illustrates all the shame and futility of the doctrine of escape. He had no business at West Point; he had no business with war nor with gentility. There is too much boxing and ambition for boxing in the world. There is too much gentility. His place was with conscientious objectors; his place was in prisons with outcasts, in hospitals with the sick and wounded. If he wanted to show that his body was not afraid, his place was on platforms and street corners facing infuriated mobs in the cause of peace and international good-will and freedom. He abandoned the mission of Israel. And yet I dare swear that he found promotion in a Christian army all but impossible and social equality grudgingly granted. He helped neither himself nor his Gentile fellow-men. He was a martyr and his martyrdom had no meaning. He saved neither himself nor others."

"Yes, I have left out religion. I have been told that before. I cannot help it. Neither Jew nor Gentile can be saved by rituals or metaphysical assumptions. It has been tried. It has failed. By all means let there be temples and rabbis. When your Christian neighbor preaches war, do you, rabbi, preach peace; when he preaches nationalism, preach internationalism. When he preaches the suppression of art and vital impulse, do you preach reason and tolerance and liberation. If your temples are stoned, let them not be stoned for some ridiculous superstition, such as that the Jews killed Christ or conspired for power. Let them be stoned because your temples are the dwelling-places of peace and of reason where every new truth is first received and proclaimed, where there is first uttered the heresy which is the faith of tomorrow and the blasphemy that is the truth of tomorrow. Then, perhaps, a day will come when of those stones will be built a temple wherein the nations will gather to acknowledge Israel's gift and mission of peace."

[This is the tenth in a series of articles on The Jew in America which have been appearing in The Nation for the past twelve months.]

Within the Law of Tooth and Claw

By WEBB WALDRON

(This story is true. A few names of persons and places have been changed, but every detail is supported by the sworn statements of the Von Intens and of their business manager, James C. Sherman.)

THE scene is the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It is a region which, to the eye, preserves many of the characteristics of the frontier. For hours you ride through forest, then pass a clearing, a log-cabin or a tar-papered shack, a nondescript barn, a few fields of potatoes or oats struggling through blackened stumps, then again the interminable stretches of forest. Most of this has been lumbered over once, but to the untrained eye it has a virgin look. There is the iron region, Ishpeming and Negaunee, red shaft houses, red dumps, rudded files of miners coming and going, red roads, red everywhere. There is the copper country, Red Jacket, Laurium, Calumet, sprawling on the barren ridges of the Keweenaw Peninsula. There is Marquette, built of ox-blood sandstone, looking down on her deep blue bay—the metropolis of the Upper Peninsula and its one city of charm. The population is Swedish and Norwegian in the farming sections, Irish often in the towns, French Canadian in outlying settlements, and in the mining towns every race out of Europe. Since the wealth of this region is largely in iron, copper, and lumber, its development has come for the most part through large corporations, and these corporations control it industrially, socially, and journalistically.

The principal character is a man named Karl von Inten. Several generations ago a Von Inten ancestor migrated from Germany to Sweden, and married into an aristocratic Swedish family. Though his descendants became essentially Swedish, they retained the German "von." Karl von Inten's grandfather, a physician, came to America about the time of our Civil War. He practiced in New York, later in Virginia, then adventured into the woods of northern Michigan where a small Swedish settlement, Westervik, had begun on the shore of Huron Bay. There William von Inten, the son, grew up, married, became a well-known timber-looker. He had a family of eight children. The two older sons, Karl and Emerik, were sent to the medical school of the University of Michigan. When Karl graduated in 1900, he began practice in the town of L'Anse.

Inevitably the family's thoughts were on the forest. Though the white pine has been lumbered out of the Upper Peninsula, there are still in the sections away from the railroads large areas of hemlock and hardwood. Karl was a good doctor, a tireless worker. As his practice grew, he began to put his savings into timberland around Huron Bay. Much of this land was bought from Swedish and Norwegian homesteaders and, contrary to a common practice of land buyers to beat the owners down to the lowest possible price, the Von Intens always paid fairly for land.

The only outlet of this Huron Bay district is by water. And the Westervik sawmill and dock are exactly in the most strategic position to serve the whole district. The harbor is deep and well protected from lake storms, the

dock exceptionally well arranged for loading at minimum expense. In 1905 Karl bought a three-fourths interest in the mill. By sawing his own logs and marketing the lumber, he would be able to realize the maximum on his investment. The mill at this time was on lease to one Krebs. Karl had not accumulated enough land to begin sawing on a large scale, therefore he renewed Krebs's lease for five years more. At the end of the five years, Krebs pleaded that he must have more time to clean up his lands. Reluctantly Karl extended the lease two years. Reluctantly, for Krebs was treating the mill badly. Karl's reluctance was justified, for in the next two years Krebs virtually ran the mill into the ground and Karl had to lay out several thousand dollars to get it in shape.

In 1912, then, Karl was ready to begin logging and sawing on his own account. He had moved from L'Anse to Marquette, and there won a really distinguished success as a physician. His brother Emerik remained in L'Anse and the two—familiarily and affectionately known to hundreds of people in Upper Michigan as Dr. Karl and Dr. Emerik—cooperated constantly in their practice. Karl had accumulated 3,500 acres of virgin timber land; his father and his two younger brothers, Volmar and Axel, were experienced in lumbering; he had a mill; wealth apparently was within his grasp. Unfortunately he had put all his savings into land. To begin lumbering he must ask for a loan. He approached several banks. Finally the Manitou Bank of Ishpeming agreed to give a line of credit. As security, the bank required a mortgage on the land to be logged as well as on the logs—an unusual provision. And there was a stipulation—that Karl engage a certain McCartney of Marquette as selling agent. "You're not in the clique," the bank told Karl. "Unless you hire McCartney, you won't be able to sell a foot of lumber."

The history of the next two years was a gradual realization by Dr. Karl of what this clique was, its power and ramifications, the tactics to which it would descend.

Hired trouble-makers appeared in the Von Inten logging camps. Every detail had to be watched constantly. One common trick was short-cutting. Hemlock is graded in 14, 16, 18, 20-foot lengths. Any length between 18 and 20 feet, for example, is called 18 feet. Therefore in cutting hemlock the aim is to make the logs slightly over the nearest standard length, so that there will be as little waste as possible. But Volmar von Inten, in charge of the camps, continually found logs cut slightly under the standard lengths, 17 feet 11 inches, for instance, which meant a loss of almost two feet of log and perhaps 20 board feet of lumber on that log alone. One set of mischief-makers fired, another would appear in the guise of innocents seeking a job. When the mill started up, trouble came there, too. The belt would be cut, the engine tampered with, the saw ruined by spikes driven into logs. On one occasion Krebs rushed Seltzer, vice-president of the Manitou Bank, out to Westervik post-haste on the promise that he could prove the Von Intens were running the mill so badly that their credit at the bank ought to be cut off. Krebs had good reason to

expect a crippled mill that day; the bearings had been especially well treated with emery-dust. But Volmar, discovering the trick, and hearing that the bank official was coming, but having no time to stop and clean journal-boxes, rushed ice from the ice-house and tied up a large cake to each hot bearing. When Seltzer arrived, he found the mill sawing 75,000 feet a day instead of the normal 50,000!

Soon McCartney, the selling agent whom the bank had required Dr. Karl to engage, began to market the lumber in Detroit and Chicago. The prices received were far under the market. McCartney explained that these were the best prices that could be obtained. Not only did Dr. Karl receive less than the market prices: he was convinced that he was being persistently cheated in scaling. There is an association of so-called National Inspectors, employed by the lumber companies to load, estimate, and grade lumber. When Karl protested to McCartney at the under-scaling, McCartney told him that if he questioned the figures of an inspector he couldn't sell lumber anywhere.

At the end of two years, in spite of the fact that he had logged and sawed almost 8,000,000 feet of lumber of high grade, Dr. Karl had barely enough margin to pay off his obligations at the Manitou Bank.

About this time Saul S. Grabow, a wholesale hardware dealer of Houghton, suggested to Karl that the Iron and Copper Bank of Houghton, of which he was a director, would be glad to make a loan for logging and sawing. A line of credit was opened, Karl agreeing in return to buy the equipment for his camps from Grabow. Also, he reluctantly accepted Grabow's suggestion that he continue McCartney as selling-agent. But McCartney's tactics—sales at outrageously low prices or no sales at all—continued, and finally Dr. Karl, exasperated, discharged him.

By this time it had become evident to the doctor that the object of rival companies was not only to ruin him but to get his lands. Jim Boland, manager of the Boland Lumber Company, asserted at a lumbermen's meeting in Chicago that "it was the duty of everyone to unite and put the Von Intens out of business." The buyer of the Negus Lumber Company of Chicago advised Karl to sell out before he was forced out; like hints came from other sources.

January, 1916, found Dr. Karl with 5,500,000 feet of lumber on the Westervik dock unsold, a \$25,000 debt to the bank which was pressing for payment, and no cash on hand. Karl and his brother Axel set out to try to make a sale themselves. Their adventures resembled a farce machine-made for Broadway. Word had evidently passed pretty generally among buyers that the Von Intens were fair prey whom, as Jim Boland said, it was a duty to trick. As the brothers were shunted back and forth among lumber dealers in Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland, the telephone warned of their coming, fake telegrams were used to try to beat them down to impossible prices, vague threats were made of this and that, and when a dealer was found willing to give a fair price he always got a warning that broke off the deal before it was closed. Yet there was finally an exception. Within a few days of the date on which the bank had threatened to foreclose its mortgages, Karl sold his hemlock at the market price to the Williams-Wagstaff Lumber Company of Buffalo. At Karl's request, the company sent its \$35,000 check direct to the bank to meet the mortgage. The bank returned the check to Karl at Marquette, stating that it could not be accepted because it was *more* than the face of the mortgage. Evidently the bank hoped to make a further

delay so that the mortgage could be foreclosed. Karl rushed back to Buffalo and three days later astonished the bank official by reappearing with a check for the exact amount of the obligation, which the bank could not refuse to accept.

Karl's struggle was constantly intensified by other factors. There was professional jealousy. Other doctors of the region resented the hold that Karl and Emerik had on the people of the small towns and farmlands through their knowledge of Swedish, their second mother-tongue. There was the enmity of the iron mining companies. A large number of the doctors of the Upper Peninsula were "company doctors" on the pay roll of these mining companies. When a man has a leg crushed at a mine and is examined by a company doctor, the latter's testimony is not likely to be to the detriment of the company when it comes to the application for compensation. But Karl was not a company doctor, and was one of the only doctors of the region who always fought for full and fair compensation for men injured in the mines. There was politics. Political conditions in the towns of the Upper Peninsula were sordid and the two brother doctors often fought a rather lone fight for clean elections.

Threats came to Dr. Karl to get in line or there would be consequences. Tricks began. Late at night a phone call hurried him to a distant part of town "to save a woman dying of heart trouble." Arriving at a dark house, he knocked. No answer. He pushed in. A woman, very slightly clad, glided from the shadows and threw her arms around him, whispering that she was alone and that . . . He flung her off, switched on the light, found a man crouching in the corner. Over and over that trick was tried in various forms. And there were others.

Women, obviously hirelings, came to his office and begged him to perform illegal operations, fake dope-fiends stopped him on the street and begged for morphine or cocaine. Women were hired to follow him on his business trips, to take rooms next to his at hotels, to try to entice him into compromising situations. Some of these attempts were diabolic in their ingenuity. Several times there were efforts to wreck his automobile on lonely roads. Shots were fired at him from the dark. During his absences in Detroit and Chicago in efforts to sell his lumber, a story was spread industriously among his patients in Marquette that he had been placed in a private insane asylum near Detroit. But Karl's luck and his wit, and above all his honesty, saved him from these stratagems and lies. The sum laid out on spies, private detectives, fake patients, and gunmen must have been considerable. Out of whose pockets did it come?

When war came in 1917 it was easy of course to attach the charge of pro-Germanism to a man with a "von." Friends urged him to change the "von" to "van." He refused. The climax of this campaign of personal abuse came after the war was over. Though it is out of the chronology of this story it should be mentioned here. A year ago last Decoration Day there was an American Legion parade in L'Anse. On a fake charge that the Von Intens brothers had refused to salute the flag, a certain Dr. Welsh Cronkhite of L'Anse, who for years had been insanely jealous of Dr. Emerik, gathered a gang of drunken legionnaires and attacked the Von Intens on Main Street, L'Anse, with the plain intent to kill. Emerik was knocked senseless with a club at the door of his office. Karl and Volmar fought off twenty assailants and put to flight those they didn't knock down. That night a delegation of the decent

citizens of L'Anse came to Dr. Karl and offered to lynch Cronkhite if Karl said the word. Of course he refused.

The summer of 1917 found Karl von Inten still in his old desperate position—millions of feet of lumber unsold, debts to the bank unpaid, no cash on hand. The manager of the Williams-Wagstaff Company of Buffalo told Karl that he would like to buy more, but he did not dare. Karl found another Buffalo concern, the Krumbine Lumber Company, willing to take the hardwood, 2,300,000 feet, and Brewster, the manager, drew up a contract which he agreed to sign as soon as he had inspected the lumber. Brewster took a train for the North. Returning, a few days later, he met Karl in Detroit with a refusal to sign. Why? Because the lumber was unsatisfactory? No, it was O. K., but Brewster had dropped in at the bank before his return and the bank told him, he said, that he needn't sign any contract. Just give Von Inten an order and pay any time.

Simultaneously came a wire from the bank ordering Karl to sell to Brewster or his mortgages would be foreclosed. But a sale to Brewster meant no immediate cash. And cash he must have to meet the mortgages. He was in a trap.

At this juncture Axel slipped away from the private detectives who were shadowing the two brothers in Detroit day and night, got to Port Huron, and thence across to Sarnia, Ontario, and by a stroke of luck sold the Von Inten hemlock to the Landis Lumber Company. But before closing the deal the Landis manager, Whitney, unfortunately felt it necessary to wire to the Bolands for a verification of the Von Inten statements. The Boland Company wired back: "Don't buy Von Inten lumber. Sawed from small, rotten, knotty logs."

Whitney came to Detroit. He said to Karl, "Look here, I know that you are honest and your lumber is what you say it is. But if I close this deal after getting such a wire from an old powerful customer, I'll lose my job."

"I'll sell at cull prices," said Karl, desperate.

"All right."

And so the 2,700,000 feet of hemlock of the first quality, scaled down to 1,400,000 feet by the inspectors whose figures Von Inten was forced to accept, was sold at \$19 a thousand. With this, and the sale of the hardwood to the Houston Lumber Company of Chicago, Karl met his obligations to the bank—barely.

He was no further ahead than when he started lumbering five years before. Indeed worse off, for he had taken millions of feet of high-grade logs off his lands. Its sale had just paid the cost of logging and sawing. He was still in his position of dependence on the banks.

Early in 1918, on the advice of Grabow, the wholesale hardware dealer of Houghton who had originally suggested the connection with the Houghton bank, Karl went over to another bank, the Pioneer Trust of Red Jacket. Grabow was a powerful director in this bank, too. Here at last, said Grabow, was a bank that would give unlimited credit, a bank you could trust.

What an idiot this Dr. Karl is, the reader will exclaim, to dream of trusting Grabow further! But Karl had never been sure of Grabow's part in the treatment he had received from the Houghton bank. He preferred to believe in Grabow's good faith. Dr. Karl is a curious mixture of shrewdness and naivete in business matters.

The season was so far advanced that only 800,000 feet of logs were taken out that year.

"Too few to saw," said Grabow. "Sell them and next year we'll let you start early and saw a tremendous lot."

The Von Intens protested. But they had to yield to Grabow's insistence, and sold the logs for less than the market.

In the fall of 1918, Sherman, the Von Inten manager, started work early. The bank told him to go strong. By spring he had cut over 4,000,000 feet. Then, just at the end of the logging season, the bank cut short its credit. Only after Sherman's special pleading would it advance money to pay off the final labor claims.

And then, though the plain intent of the contract with the bank was that the loans were to cover both logging and sawing, though Grabow, a director, and Dresser, the bank president, had many times assured Sherman and Karl that full credit would be extended to log and saw all the logs that could be got out, now they suddenly asserted that the contract did not apply to sawing at all, that no more credit could be given, that the logs must be sold! What could Karl do? He had no money to fight the matter in the courts.

"Why didn't you take the story to a newspaper?" I asked.

"There isn't a newspaper up here that would handle it," said Karl emphatically. "They're all controlled by the banks and the big companies."

After months of protest and struggle, of vain attempt to stave off the inevitable, Dr. Karl was forced to yield. And in a particularly humiliating manner. Though the Liberty Lumber Company of White Bay had offered him from \$30 to \$37 a thousand for the logs, the bank ordered them sold to the Bolands and the Keweenaw Lumber Company—the very concerns that had worked especially for Karl's ruin—at \$17.50 a thousand. And it had cost from \$20 to \$28 a thousand to log that year.

Not necessary to scale the logs, said the bank. Only estimate them. The estimate by the inspectors of the 5,000,000 feet was 2,900,000. The entire Von Inten output of logs turned over at less than the price of logging, and two million feet thrown in free of charge!

By this stroke most men would, perhaps, have given up the fight. But Dr. Karl was far from owning himself beaten. The following year he got a contract with the B. Z. Bernard Lumber Company by which he was to be given a credit of \$50,000 a year for two years for logging and sawing. It soon appeared that the Bernard Company shared the view of other lumber buyers that the Von Intens were legitimate prey. When less than half of the first year's amount had been advanced, the Bernards suddenly stopped credit. They sent boats to Westervik and took away more than enough lumber to satisfy their claims, even at the outrageous underscaling by the inspectors in charge, then broke off relations, refusing to surrender the mortgages on the Von Inten lands. These they still hold. Thus Karl is prevented from getting further loans. He is helpless—for the time being. But he is working hard and saving money for a new struggle.

"It's hard to beat a professional man," one of his enemies said ruefully, a few months ago. "Now if Karl von Inten had been only a lumberman, he'd have been down and out long ago. But whenever he's checked, he goes back to his doctor's practice, makes some more money, and gets back into the fight."

Karl will get back into the fight. And he may win. Who knows?

Long Beach, California: Farmer's Rest

By DON RYAN

ON a warm, hazy afternoon when the heathen sea calls mankind to her wanton embrace, Long Beach sits under a latticed pergola in front of the municipal bandstand and knits. And chews. The men are engaged with mouthfuls of plug and scrap, the women with "wax." Talk rears up sturdily, without apology. It is strong and brittle like the cornstalks of Iowa, and cast in the slow, rasping cadence of the Middle West.

The "Pike" is the midway of this transplanted cornfield; alive with a fluttering contingent of youth on a holiday. Youth is forever making holiday in Long Beach and age, getting a later start, is trying heroically and rather pathetically to follow.

So there are many wheel-chairs rolling along the Pike. They are not the wheel-chairs of Atlantic City in which the able-bodied ride at slothful ease. The able-bodied youth of Long Beach would scorn such relaxation of their sturdy limbs. These chairs contain thin, wrinkled old women who are pushed along by others only a shade plumper, only a line less wrinkled.

Between the wheel-chairs dodge occasional bathers from the beach, all properly swathed in bathrobes or raincoats. It is unlawful to appear on the Pike with the human form revealed and on the beach it is unlawful for two persons of the opposite sex, attired in bathing suits, to touch each other.

They may have been man and wife for twenty years. It may be that one is the infant offspring of the other and is in need of manual attention at the moment. It may be that one is battling frantically with the surf—there is a strong undertow—and the other's brawny arms could pull her ashore. Well, ding it, there's a life-saver for that! The law's the law.

The Pike is like other midways—its ancestors of the world's fair days. Hot-dog stands, merry-go-rounds, side-shows, the Old Cider Mill, the Jackrabbit, Madam Mary LaVerne—gifted clairvoyant, and the Penny Arcade.

The Penny Arcade is popular. For a penny beach nymphs may be glimpsed without the enshrouding bathrobe. And for a penny one may purchase snappy stories hot off the griddle, each printed on a little card. The contents of the cards may be memorized and the cards torn up or burned so that one will not run the danger of being found dead with a snappy story in one's pocket.

At the end of the Pike the wealthy patrons of the Hotel Virginia parade in their close. At their feet tosses the gay, pagan sea, covering the sand with frivolous white foam.

Far out the sea is calm and seems like porphyry. Great battleships of the Pacific Fleet squat there, dim and gray, as if they were painted on a theater back drop.

One of the local newspaper men defined Long Beach as a superstructure of modernism evoked by oil discoveries and harbor industries, imposed on a solid concrete base of Middle Western traditions. The base is the strongest part of the structure. The Middle Western element, locally known as the "Horseshoe Throwers," is the strongest and most influential part of the population.

This fact was demonstrated when the younger generation in politics attempted to pass an ordinance that would have eliminated the public "horseshoe links" in Lincoln Park. The Horseshoe Throwers simply told the progressives that if they took away their links the Horseshoe Throwers would take their money out of the Long Beach banks. The horseshoe links are still there.

Just as climate was the most important factor in the life of Long Beach a few years ago, so is oil today. Those who went to live at the beach because their friends had written them about the climate remained to grow unexpectedly rich in oil.

Signal Hill, where oil was found, was formerly used once a year for outdoor Easter services to which motorists flocked by thousands. Two years ago it was announced that the oil wells were so thick on Signal Hill that the Easter services would have to be abandoned. There was no room left for the crowds.

No deacon raised a voice in protest. There are many hills where Easter services may be held; few where the flowing gold, as Western writers are fond of calling it, flows so freely from the benignant earth.

The oil wells on Signal Hill produce a revenue of \$200,000 a day. Of this sum Long Beach gets \$1,200,000 next year as a return from city-owned land on the hill. Anticipating that the Horseshoe Throwers would demand this sum to be applied to cut the tax rate, the newspapers of Long Beach launched a campaign to have the money used for public improvements. The campaign carried, owing its success, largely it is believed, to the support of Miss Myrtelle Gunsul, the only woman city auditor in America, and proud of it.

The progressives have also succeeded in repealing the "Peekaboo" ordinance, passed when William M. Peek was public safety commissioner. Safety Commissioner Peek, formerly of Oelwein, Iowa, believed that bathing suits without skirts or sleeves were a menace to the public safety. But the ordinance was erased from the books when the progressives convinced the town that it subjected Long Beach to ridicule.

It is natural enough for this asylum to continue the aspects of the cornfields so familiar to the working years of diligent farmers and worthy wives who have retired there to rest. The older inhabitants of Long Beach are indeed like a crop of late corn—grotesque, withered ears, dry and stunted. Pathetically seeking the youth which evaded them in their long, toilsome years. Quick to accept modern mechanical comforts and quick to reject modern modes of thought.

Sometimes they are outraged by an interloper. Only last summer Eugene V. Debs penetrated their fastness. This dangerous chinch-bug slipped in under the hard, dry husks and was about to speak at the Municipal Auditorium—one of the city's prides. The American Legion found it out and sounded the tocsin. The cornfield element rallied to a man. The city council refused the use of the Auditorium.

Mrs. Fannie Bixby Spencer, a wealthy Tolstoian, whose father gave Bixby Park to the city, humbly sought permission for Debs to speak in this public playground. But the city council was all ready for her.

No siree, Mrs. Spencer. Even if your pa did give us the park. Guess he never reckoned he'd have a daughter like you. We always got along without any Bolsheviks in Long Beach, and we guess we can still get along without any. Good-day, Mrs. Spencer.

Nevertheless the other element is seeping in—the element that is making tiny punctures in the conservatism of the cornfields with daggers of thought. The next generation will hear Eugene V. Debs or whoever happens to be the equivalent of Eugene V. Debs for the next generation. But the thoughtful minority is still the minority in Long Beach.

There is yet another element in Long Beach, growing more numerous as the oil industry develops. When the whistle blows at the end of a shift long lines of workers in greasy overalls file down from the crest of Signal Hill. With clean faces they emerge from the dressing-rooms and in street clothes climb into waiting automobiles.

A flurry of dust as the automobiles of the oil workers scatter down the avenues that lead to shaded bungalows, redolent with the smell of the coming meal. Wives and children wait to greet them. The children have brought home their school tasks to do. And in a few years these children, who are entirely outside the traditions of the cornfields, will have something to say about the future of Long Beach.

The sleepy sun drowns over the corner of the park where the musical clink of horseshoes is the only sound. Long shadows from the eucalyptus trees protect the gray figures in bright shirt-sleeves who toss the horseshoes with carefully calculated movements of the arms.

Canes, wheel-chairs, and pipes. Benches full of spectators. Ten different ranges constitute the horseshoe links; a low fence to protect the spectators from rebounding metal; a scoreboard; a rack on which the players may hang their coats; a large box where the horseshoes are ranged evenly, row upon row, for the players to make their selections.

It is the barnyard of their boyhood in Oelwein, glorified beyond conception. A horseshoe links de luxe. The sort of a horseshoe links that might be expected in heaven—if we didn't know that such frivolous contraptions would not be tolerated by the Almighty.

A man with a dyed black mustache that droops over his chin, a celluloid collar, and sleeveholders that match his pink suspenders, squints thoughtfully along the nearest range. He takes down a long-handled shovel from the proper rack and carefully works up the earth which had become packed too hard about the stakes. Pipe and panama, yellow face and prominent eyes that snap when he throws a ringer.

His opponent has the same face with mild watery eyes and a cap. They are trying to settle the rivalry that began forty years ago in a barnyard at Clay Center.

Clink, clink! The horseshoes sail and strike as the pitchers throw them with careful attention to stance and form. Clink, clink! Two ringers apiece. The old men chuckle in cracked voices. The championship is still undecided.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never concealed his interest in antiquities. Old books, old chairs, old ideas have seemed pleasant in his sight. When he reads in a sixteenth-century manual of a farmer and his wife who for rent of their small patch of land paid to their lord in England one red rose, his mind opens up a dozen doors of fancy and historical fact; when he enters the Virginia House of Delegates, as lately he did, and hears the members being sworn not to take part in a duel either as a principal or a second he has happy food for many hours' thought. Yet it is not the age of these customs that makes them attractive, but their strangeness. Without change, the antiquarians would have not even the old-clothes business with which to console—and feed—themselves. For example, take those far-away people, the Lapps. There are obviously no Lapp antiquarians, for the simple reason that Lapp life now is almost exactly the same as it was when the Northern Europeans began to growl over the bone of their poor country—nine hundred years ago.

* * * * *

AS far as the Drifter can discover, the only new custom which has been introduced into Lapland since the tenth century is the drinking of coffee. Aside from that not very radical departure from ancient ritual, the Laplander pursues his quiet and undeviating way. In the summer, when for two months the sun does not set, he hastily plants his grain and waits breathlessly for it to ripen before the long winter comes—or perhaps, being a Lapp, he does not do anything breathlessly. His food and clothing and articles of household use are reindeer: when the mosquitoes are thick in summer, as they usually are, he bells a reindeer, sets him to walking in the forest, and captures as many members of the herd that will flock to the bell seeking relief from the insects by rubbing up against a companion, as he needs to last until the next mosquito season. He lives in a small hut without windows; if he is the father of a family he has complete authority over his women and children. The Drifter does not know what a Laplander thinks about, unless it is of the good old days before coffee-drinking became the fad. Yet to make up for the lack of variety, the Lapp system has its advantages after all. No matter how much the Drifter might yearn to pay his rent with a rose, he is confident that his landlord would greet the idea with contumely and possibly violence; the Laplander's pastoral but not idyllic existence may not be the most arresting in the world, but if by chance he ever had hit upon a pretty custom, it would still be the rule.

* * * * *

THE Lapps are fortunate in still another way: they pay no income tax. Neither, to any appreciable extent, does the Drifter, yet he was interested when he heard that the tax on certain articles would disappear along with one-quarter of the tax on incomes. He was interested, that is, until he saw the list of articles: "The tax," he read, "on knives, dirks, livery, hunting garments, yachts, and fans is to be repealed." Since none of these things has ever seemed to be essential in a Spartan life like his own, the Drifter is bound to say that he would not give a mosquito-eaten reindeer-skin for such tax reduction. Let those who have yachts or dirks rejoice.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Against Christianity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are few men in the world who can write the perfect English that is in Dr. Crapsey's article in your issue of January 16. Certainly he melted words in the crucible of righteous emotional indignation and produced a gem of literature. And yet what he says leaves me cold, just as the recent discussion in the papers leaves me cold. What Dr. Crapsey says is true—the bishop and the rector either should live their faith or get out, and the Sermon on the Mount is unquestionably the essence of the religion of Jesus Christ. I have never heard any discussion of that Sermon except in terms of praise, but after having read it innumerable times in the past twenty-odd years I am totally unable to see anything but bad religion in it. What Dr. Crapsey said was undoubtedly true, but it ought not to be true. The meek, the poor in spirit, and the persecuted have increasingly inherited the earth to the eternal detriment of the world. The Sermon on the Mount is the religion of slaves, not the religion of free men. And though that type of conduct is a way to individual happiness it is not socially or racially a desirable attitude. The religion of Jesus Christ, like the religion of Buddha, Confucius, and Lao-tsze, is still valuable as an individual moral code and as a record of what the wisest men in the past have thought upon the subject of man's relation to his neighbors. It was socially desirable in the day it was uttered and was valuable for many centuries thereafter, but this modern world has problems undreamed of in an earlier age, world problems, problems of racial friction, overpopulation, moron control of government in democracy—things that are partly the result of scientific enlightenment and partly problems that can be solved by science and right thinking.

What the world needs is not more Christianity but a new religion.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, January 16

CLARENCE R. LONG

Poisoning Peace by Poisoning the News

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once more you have overcome the conspiracy of silence on the part of American newspapers. Mr. Gannett's article on The Secret Corruption of the French Press is the kind of news for which we have come to depend exclusively upon *The Nation*.

The influence of the Imperial Russian Government was not limited to the Paris press alone. In the spring of 1903 a British newspaper campaign, apparently inspired by Russian influences, wrecked a plan for the internationalization of the Bagdad Railway and was a potent influence in the rise of anti-German feeling in England. Perhaps a few of the facts will be of interest to your readers.

Early in 1903 a conference was held in London to arrange for placing the Bagdad Railway, throughout its entire length, from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, under international control. An agreement was reached between Mr. Balfour, Prime Minister, and Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, representing His Majesty's Government; Dr. von Gwinner, representing French and German interests in the Bagdad Railway Company; and Lord Revelstoke and Lord Mount Stephen, representing a group of British financiers, under the terms of which equal participation in construction, administration, and management of the German railways in Turkey was to be awarded German, French, and British interests. The potentialities of some such arrangement in avoiding international rivalries in the Near East cannot be overestimated, as Mr. Balfour stated so eloquently in the House of Commons.

Just as success seemed assured a bitter attack was launched

on the Government by the *Times* and the *National Review*, which led to the repudiation of the aforementioned agreement. Sir Clinton Dawkins, one of the British bankers interested in the project, wrote Dr. von Gwinner on April 23, 1903: "Who instigated these papers, from whence they derived their information, is a matter upon which I cannot speak with certainty. My own impression is that the instigation proceeded from Russian sources. The clamor raised by these two organs was immediately taken up by practically the whole of the English press, London having really gone into a frenzy on the matter owing to the newspaper campaign, which it would have been quite impossible to counteract or influence."

During the summer of 1922 I obtained from both English and German sources considerable evidence that the Russian Embassy in Paris was responsible, as Sir Clinton Dawkins suspected. In fact, I was given the name of the attaché, who was charged with seeing that the proposed internationalization of the Bagdad Railway should be sabotaged. Whether funds passed between the Russian Government and the representatives of any London paper is a matter of comparative indifference. The news was poisoned, and it was poisoned under orders from Petrograd.

New York, February 6

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

From One of Our Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* of January 16 contains a letter from Mr. Gilson Gardner in appreciation of the work of the Pennsylvania Committee for Political Prisoners.

May I, using *The Nation* as a medium, offer my thanks and appreciation to Mr. Gardner and the members and workers connected with the Pennsylvania committee? It was this group of Philadelphians, together with Mr. Gardner and others, who, from first to last, devoted their time, money, and energy to this cause. Others of us in the struggle might have lost our faith and enthusiasm and dropped limply back on the side-lines, but, from Wilson to Coolidge, this courageous group have, with good humor and determination, continued to do their bit toward keeping the pennants of sanity and justice fluttering in the land.

Life in a federal penitentiary is a drab and sordid affair at the best of times, and I happen to be one of those who, in the language of Leavenworth, "does time hard," but I rather think that a few years behind the bars is not such a great price to pay for the privilege of having known a few Americans whose souls have not been requisitioned by the Department of Justice.

New York, January 17

JAMES MANNING

Birth Control Clinics and the Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial in *The Nation* of February 6 on birth-control clinics may be misleading because of this statement: "In various parts of the country the birth-control movement is adopting the simple course of challenging the law and then if necessary testing it in court." Then followed the main facts about the clinics in Chicago and New York. As a matter of fact, the clinics in both these cities are not infringing either State or federal law, so their establishment can hardly be called a challenge.

Illinois is one of the so-called twenty-four "free" States where contraceptive information is not included among the prohibitions of the obscenity laws. Suppression of a clinic is possible therefore only by police action, claiming justification because of the precedent of the federal law, which does class contraceptive information with the obscenities. (Twenty-four States do likewise.) When Health Commissioner Bundensen attempted to hold up the establishment of the clinic by refusing

it a license he quoted the federal precedent as a reason, saying that Congress had established a standard under which the giving of contraceptive information is "contrary to public policy." Judge Fisher, who issued the mandamus in behalf of the clinic license, maintained that in the absence of specific State legislation the clinic should proceed unhindered.

The New York clinic is operating legally under the statute of 1881, which permits the giving of contraceptive prescriptions by physicians to those who are ill or threatened with disease. This statute (Section 1145 of the Penal Code) partially mitigates the sweeping prohibition of the obscenity statute (Section 1142) which penalizes the giving of contraceptive information in any way whatever. The permissive statute is wondrously worded as follows:

An article or instrument used or applied by physicians lawfully practicing, or by their direction or prescription, for the cure or prevention of disease, is not an article of indecent or immoral nature or use, within this article. The supplying of such articles to physicians or by their direction or prescription, is not an offense under this article.

There has been, so far as I know, only one clinic in this country which has attempted to operate in defiance of the laws, namely, Margaret Sanger's clinic in Brownsville, which lasted for ten days in 1916. The contraceptive instructions given there were not given by physicians nor limited to the diseased. The instructions given in the present New York clinic are under these two limitations, and are therefore within the present laws.

New York, February 6

MARY WARE DENNETT,

Director of the Voluntary Parenthood League

Compensation for Wrongdoing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the principle that one subjected to outrage and wrong is entitled to compensation from the wrongdoer all drafted men have valid claims against the Government. They were forced against their will to leave their homes and were kept for months in virtual slavery.

Not all the casualties of war were suffered by the sick, wounded, and dead. Many who returned in sound physical condition owe to their military experience disabilities less tangible but none the less serious. It is not mere caprice that causes many employers to refuse to take on ex-service men if they can avoid doing so. Experience has given them the impression that more competent employees can be obtained from non-military ranks. Unquestioning obedience is not an admirable trait in business where ability and readiness to use one's brains independently is needed to make one really useful. And the man who has been trained to "obey and don't think" is apt to become aggrieved and sullen when impatiently informed that something better is expected from him.

For such injuries no compensation is provided. The bonus demanded is, in fact, inadequate.

To grant the bonus would touch the pocket nerve of the militarists and tend to make war less desirable from a profiteering viewpoint. This alone may not be a valid argument, but it makes it less hard to heed the demand for justice to the victims of conscription.

Baltimore, January 25

SAMUEL DANZIGER

Contributors to This Issue

WEBB WALDRON, formerly of *Collier's Weekly*, is the author of "The Road to the World."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of a much-appreciated volume of verse, "For Eager Lovers."

DON RYAN is on the staff of the *Los Angeles Record*.

CHARLES NAGEL was Secretary of Commerce in the Taft Administration.

Books

Certain British Tendencies

The Triumph of Unarmed Forces. By Rear Admiral M. W. P. Consett. London: Williams & Norgate.

NO one who reads this volume can entertain further doubt that the shipment of foodstuffs from Great Britain to neutral countries during the war assumed large proportions and greatly exceeded similar shipments prior to the war. About the motive which prompted the Government in permitting these shipments to be made there may, however, be some question. The ground which would no doubt be alleged, and which indeed Admiral Consett seems disposed to accept, was policy. It is his contention that but for this mistaken policy the war would have ended several years earlier, and the calamitous consequences to the victor nations would have been avoided.

Although Admiral Consett does not distinctly raise the question, it is not so easy to dispose of the suspicion that something more than policy was at work. Indeed, even he is prepared to belittle the idea that Great Britain had substantial reason to fear the Scandinavian countries. He admits that a policy favoring British shipments and interfering with American traders for neutral markets was unfair and gave the United States just ground for complaint. We are to believe that Scandinavian countries were feared more than the United States. It is not easy to accept the idea that a desire to avoid displeasure and threat of war from Scandinavian countries furnished the sole explanation for a policy which took American ships into British ports for examination, and permitted British ships to carry increased cargoes of foodstuffs to these countries.

Admiral Consett's attitude in discussing the issues of the war is delightfully frank. He is not as ruthlessly British as Lord Fisher; neither is he adroitly plausible like Lloyd George. His argument is based upon the very broad proposition that Great Britain can do no wrong because, isolated as the nation is upon a small island, the rule of her necessity must be the guide for her, and therefore for the rest of the world as well. Wherever supremacy of her navy is necessary, international law must yield, because otherwise England might starve. There is no corresponding allowance for the supremacy of arms for encircled nations of the Continent, because forsooth their fate does not involve England or Great Britain. While he unhesitatingly denounces Germany's breach of Belgian neutrality, he frankly adds:

Sea-power, with its adjunct air-power, cannot be bartered for the illusory advantages of paper security—those "rotten parchment bonds."

Discussing the right of visit and search Admiral Consett says:

The only modification suffered by this rule during the war was that, for safety's sake, the search was carried out in harbor instead of at sea. This innovation was challenged, but unsuccessfully, by America.

After quoting the provision in the Declaration of Paris that the neutral flag covers enemy's merchandise with the exception of contraband of war, he continues:

The immunity given by this article to the general bulk of sea-borne merchandise struck a blow at the very heart of our sea-power. It is true that the protection which this declaration gave to enemy commerce was given also to British; but this protection, being already provided for in our case by our fleet, extended only to the commerce of our enemies, and struck a vital blow at our sea-power.

The ease with which inconvenient rules of this sort were overcome is well expressed:

For these reasons, therefore, the Reprisals Order did not profess to declare a blockade; its object was to intercept enemy commerce by an adaptation of the law of blockade.

And again:

The order seems to be admittedly illegal, for Mr. Asquith stated that it was not intended that our efforts should be "strangled in a network of juridical niceties"; an expression which, without such illegal meaning being assigned to it, can have no meaning whatever.

To the objection of the United States to such curtailment of neutral rights, the British Government answered:

But although these measures may have been provoked by the illegal conduct of the enemy, they do not, in reality, conflict with any general principle of international law, of humanity, or civilization; they are enforced with consideration against neutral countries, and are therefore juridically sound and valid.

Simply delicious is the Admiral's comment on the exchange of notes between Great Britain and the United States, p. 60:

The paragraph quoted above shows that the American summary had evidently been very carefully examined by H. M. Government, who could make neither head nor tail of it. It suffers from the bad defect of vagueness; a weakness (very noticeable in the American utterances) which H. M. Government are not slow to detect. . . .

It must not be supposed that this correspondence contains many oversights due to the haste with which it was conducted; the present reply of H. M. Government, 24th April, 1916, referred to an American dispatch of 5th November, 1915. In any case, even if America had chosen to cable back a message, she must have seen the utter futility of such a proceeding; and, indeed, the futility of any measure which could possibly prevent H. M. Government from placing its own construction upon anything America might choose to say. America had got her neck fairly into a noose, and had no more chance of getting it out than she had of avoiding getting it in. In this diplomatic battle, as in maritime law, we searched for "principles": and here was one worth the finding. Possibly this discovery may have caused America to resign, for no further dispatches are published.

Just at present our Government again "does not understand . . . that it is intended to deny to the United States the enjoyment of the rights and advantages to which the United States is justly and equally entitled as a participant in the common victory . . ." and "is confident that it is not the purpose of the other Allied and Associated Powers to attempt to discriminate against it."

Since there seems to be some confusion as to just what the Allied governments are prepared or willing to "understand" or to put over on us, it might be well for the framers of these notes to read these particular passages in this particular book. Indeed, it would unquestionably benefit all Americans because, without in any manner detracting from our natural admiration for a real Englishman, this volume discloses certain British tendencies which it may be well even for an American to keep in mind.

CHARLES NAGEL

The Monroe Doctrine: Its Use and Abuse

One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine. By David Y. Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

Diplomatic Portraits: Europe and the Monroe Doctrine One Hundred Years Ago. By W. P. Cresson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THE message which President Monroe sent to Congress almost exactly a hundred years ago, and which is the source of the Monroe Doctrine, was only in the most restricted sense meant to be a declaration of principles. That part of it which referred to the controversy with Russia as to the Northwest coast *did* lay down a general maxim that the American continents were no longer to be subject to European colonization. But the paragraphs which related to South America were meant to meet what the President conceived as a definite, immediate danger. They were never meant to provide the basis for

our foreign policy for generations to come. Their author would have been surprised, indeed, if he could have foreseen all the direct and indirect consequences of his pronouncement.

When one considers, however, the vast significance of the declaration of 1823, the story of its origins, though told and retold, is still worth a new telling. Mr. Cresson's work performs this service. Much of the book, it is true, deals with other matters, and centers on European personalities and European problems. But those parts which relate themselves to the Monroe message are especially interesting and well worth while. The vivid personality of Adams is admirably pictured; and the role of the President himself, often too much belittled, is made to appear as important as it really was. There is an interesting, and in some respects a novel, account of the development of that Anglo-Saxon understanding which produced the doctrine. Mr. Cresson does well to point out that the beginnings of this *rapprochement* are not to be found, as is so often assumed, in the Rush-Canning interviews, but in the earlier conversations of Adams and Stratford Canning at Washington. He may reasonably claim to bring a fresh point of view to an old subject.

Mr. Thomas's volume has a different purpose. The historical origins of the doctrine he treats briefly, conventionally, and not always accurately, obviously without first-hand knowledge. His interest lies very clearly in the developments to which the President's message has given rise.

Perhaps the most striking of these developments is that by which a doctrine of non-interference by Europe in the affairs of the New World has become a doctrine of interference by the United States. The process is not difficult to trace. From forbidding Europe to reconquer America by force, we pass by an easy transition to a prohibition against any use of force whatsoever by European Powers in this hemisphere. And such a prohibition, to some minds, makes it necessary for us to assume the responsibility of keeping the smaller states of the New World under our thumbs that there may be no excuse for action by other Powers. Thus a formula aimed against imperialism in the Old World becomes the servant of imperialism in the New.

The best part of Mr. Thomas's book is that in which he describes this process. The chapters in which he outlines the intervention of the United States in Haiti, in Santo Domingo, in Central America, and, to a less extent, in Mexico, are full of facts brought together nowhere else in such convenient form. There is perhaps a tendency to over-mass details, but there is none the less a very useful discussion. There is also a point of view. Why, asks Mr. Thomas, should we intervene as we have done? Why not leave to investors the risks of their enterprises? And why, in the face of debt repudiations in certain of the States of the Union, have we the right to compel the small nations of the Caribbean to a rigid financial honesty?

Linked with the development of American imperialism under the Monroe Doctrine is another chain of circumstance, that which involves the growth of Pan-Americanism. In 1823 the assumption of a protecting attitude by the United States might have had some justification. It was largely bluff, it is true, for on the occasions when Monroe's and Adams's administrations were asked to transform the language of the message into a definite pledge, there was a notable tendency to retreat to positions prepared in the rear, and to take shelter behind the independence of the legislative power. But the pose of the protecting great nation was not then entirely unreasonable. Today, in the case of the greater nations, it has become absurd, and not only absurd, but offensive. Has not the time come to substitute understanding for patronage, common association for an assumption of superiority? Is it not possible to hope for the growth of Pan-American solidarity? On these questions Mr. Thomas has brought together a useful body of facts, but his discussion is far less original and thorough than on the matters treated above.

A third phase of development which Mr. Thomas treats

seems hardly logical. He would apparently maintain that the Monroe Doctrine has necessarily implied non-interference in Europe. James Monroe, when he penned his message, was, in a sense, laying down a theory of two spheres of activity, one on each side of the Atlantic. But practically he was thinking only of keeping Europe out of America, not of keeping America out of Europe. The latter notion is of older origins, and, as hardly needs to be insisted, comes from a different source. The two ought not to be confused. The message of 1823 ought not to have to carry the burden of that particular variety of national egotism which would bar us from all helpfulness across seas. It is the Farewell Address and Jefferson's First Inaugural which our isolationist politicians invoke to keep us out of Europe.

DEXTER PERKINS

The Hungry Heart

The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

My heart, being hungry, feeds on food
The fat of heart despise.
Beauty where beauty never stood,
And sweet where no sweet lies
I gather to my querulous need,
Having a growing heart to feed.

It may be, when my heart is dull,
Having attained its girth,
I shall not find so beautiful
The meager shapes of earth,
Nor linger in the rain to mark
The smell of tansy through the dark.

MISS MILLAY'S new volume of beautiful verse begins with this poem, which perfectly expresses what some of her readers hope is a phase now finished. For it is adolescents chiefly who feed on air, who feel life in its limitations, who achieve consciousness by learning what it is to be lonely. Miss Millay has made as fine poetry out of all this as has ever perhaps been made, but she cannot go on forever, and doubtless she knows it. One's heart does after all grow up and begin to nourish itself on more solid—fatter—food; if one can make no poetry out of that, one was not born a big poet. Miss Millay, it seems, can be anything, and there are signs already that she has outlived her longing for starved and tiny moods wherein it appears that no wine is "so wonderful as thirst," that no fruit is "so wonderful as want."

The final section of this very book shows her abandoning the field of abstract emotion and rarefied, subjective thought in which she has made so many brilliant researches. The seventeen Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree are written in the third person; they tell a story, more or less; they are rich with objective detail. Miss Millay no longer strains her eyes in half-light to make things out which in the end may be only metaphors; she opens her gaze frankly—and of course still passionately—upon that universe of fact to which the best poetry must sooner or later come home. It is an inexhaustible world, and one takes pleasure in speculating on the various things which Miss Millay will do there. Meanwhile she has written seventeen sonnets like the following:

She filled her arms with wood, and set her chin
Forward, to hold the highest stick in place,
No less afraid than she had always been
Of spiders up her arms and on her face,
But too impatient for a careful search
Or a less heavy loading, from the heap
Selecting hastily small sticks of birch,
For their curled bark, that instantly will leap
Into a blaze, nor thinking to return
Some day, distracted, as of old, to find
Smooth, heavy, round, green logs with a wet, gray rind
Only, and knotty chunks that will not burn,
(That day when dust is on the wood-box floor,
And some old catalogue, and a brown, shriveled apple core).

Many of the remaining poems in the volume were famous already, or now deserve to be. The lovely Ballad of the Harp-Weaver circulated separately in slender dress, and eight of the superb sonnets in part four appeared in the American Miscellany for 1922. There are, as usual, a few ironic pieces in Miss Millay's own nervous ballad stanza: The Return from Town, Keen, The Betrothal, and The Pond are great and perfect in their kind. A few poems are in a freer kind of verse than the author has usually employed, and it cannot be said that they are satisfactory, although Hyacinth rather takes the breath in the third and fourth lines:

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.
On nights when the field-mice are abroad he cannot sleep:
He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs of his hyacinths.
But the gnawing at my heart he does not hear.

In general this is the maturest and most impressive volume which Miss Millay has published. Her thought still sings, and her skill is if anything more marvelous. It would be an injustice to her to imply that all of the poems here are of the first rank. Certain of them could have been turned off by any one of a dozen competent contemporaries. But the proportion of unexceptionable pieces is great, and the book leaves its creator permanently settled in her very high place.

MARK VAN DOREN

Imponderable Values

The Doves' Nest and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN these impassioned days when even fiction is largely polemic the critic gets so much into the hortatory and expostulative vein that he is a little embarrassed when confronted with a work of pure literature like one of Miss Mansfield's volumes in which he finds all of the values imponderable and artistic. Whereas even the jackets of most recent publications inform the reader exactly what the ensuing work is intended to "devastate," Miss Mansfield herself was never quite able to say exactly what effect she was aiming at, but, on the contrary, was tortured by her inability to state in words what she wanted to do and filled her journal with morbid fears that she had failed to express herself or had been betrayed by some facile trick into obscuring her deepest meaning. Unsatisfied though she was she did succeed in communicating admirably so many and such subtle things that one may risk the statement that her fears were groundless and her feeling the result, not of any failure, but of the fact that her stories were too perfect to be translated into any other terms, and that only they could say what she wanted said.

More than half of "The Doves' Nest" consists of fragments of unfinished stories, and to read it is to discover one of the most significant things about Miss Mansfield's art. Though many of her stories have very simple clear-cut plots which make excellent anecdotes when retold in a few lines, yet her greatness is almost independent of these plots, for though none of the fragments goes far enough to give any definite indication of the story to be told each is nearly as impressive as a finished story. The ironic twists which she affected in her plots are interesting in themselves and significant as revealing her conviction that life is constantly and unexpectedly cruel, but the most important things which she has to say cannot be reduced to a "point" or expressed in either a simple situation or a phrase, for they are moods and sentiments so subtle as to be captured only in a complicated mesh of words and situations and they escape as soon as one tampers with the net.

Take for example the story called The Fly. In it an old man, lost in meditation before a photograph of his dead son, shakes successive drops of ink from his pen upon a struggling fly and marvels at its persistent courage in rescuing and cleaning itself. Exulting at the lesson which it is giving him in

fortitude he loses consciousness of all except the drama before him until, having played God once too often, he kills the fly and a terrible despair which he can hardly understand settles upon him. The point is clear enough. "As flies to wanton boys" is in itself a tremendous moral but it is only one aspect. A deeper meaning dawns as one realizes that the old man is cruel not for the sake of cruelty, but in order to give himself courage, and that the death of the fly reverberates in his mind as the death knell of his own hope. He sees that there is an end even to the perfect fortitude of instinct and that neither man nor God always restrains his blows when the utmost limits of endurance have been reached. This analysis, however, does nothing like justice to the story, for though it touches upon Miss Mansfield's intellectual penetration it gives no idea of her equally remarkable power of communicating emotion. She broods upon a situation as the old man in the story brooded upon the fly, until it fills the universe and nothing else exists; she hypnotizes the reader into something like her own trance, and when the story is finished one awakes to hear the clock ticking strangely on the wall and the familiar furniture not quite real.

The secret of Miss Mansfield's power lies in her possession of that poetic vision which is close to mysticism. Her sensibility illuminates everything with a light more intense than the light of common day and, though she is concerned more with society than nature, there is a suggestion in all of her work of that "imagination" which Wordsworth never succeeded in defining but which he was not unable to exemplify. "I look at mountains and I see nothing but mountains," she wrote in one of the characteristically self-condemnatory passages of her journal, yet the fascination of her best stories lies just in the fact that she does seem to see behind actualities and to catch hints of some mystic meanings which are terribly intense without being quite graspable. She broods upon some ordinary event such as a breakfast-table conversation or the morning farewell of a husband off to work, until, by that familiar psychological process which makes a too oft repeated word strange and fantastic or a too intensely regarded friend a stranger, she seems to catch glimpses of the tremendous reality which to the bewitched eye of the mystic lies behind every actuality and to glow through it, illuminating perfectly familiar objects with a strange unearthly light. She raises, temporarily at least, our own sensibilities to the height of hers and induces that hypnosis which poetry achieves and which has caused primitive peoples to endow the poet with powers not quite of this earth. If, as it seems to me, we ask of fiction chiefly that, when existence has become too dully habitual, it shall awake in us a renewed sense of life as a vivid and passionate thing, then Miss Mansfield's stories reach a very high level.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

Index to Short Stories. Second edition. Compiled by Ina Ten Eyck Firkins. H. W. Wilson Company. \$12.

Standard Catalog: Fiction Section. Compiled by Corinne Bacon. H. W. Wilson Company. \$1.

It is hard, in brief space, to do more than marvel at the usefulness of Miss Firkins's index, which lists 17,288 short stories by 808 writers who have done their work in English or who have been translated into English from twenty-four other languages. The compilation is so systematic and so catholic that to question it with regard to specific items seems carping, but one wonders why, when stories as long as Stevenson's "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Stephen Crane's "Maggie" have been listed, Peacock's "Nightmare Abbey" and Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshrine" should not also have been—to mention only two titles which promptly come to mind of stories too short to be called novels in the ordinary sense of the term.

Why should Sherwood Anderson be represented by only one story, Henry van Dyke by fifty-eight, and Arthur Guy Empey by eleven? Miss Bacon, listing "about 2,350 of the best novels for the average public library," permits herself and her collaborators more editorial comment than Miss Firkins employs. In the subject index "such general headings as Love, Marriage, Sin have not been used. . . . Special attention has been paid to Historical novels and to novels classifying under such popular headings as: Cheerful stories, mystery and detective stories, school and college life, sea stories, etc." A place on the list is denied Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Amelia," Johnson's "Rasselas," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Voltaire's "Candide," among the elder classics; and among the newer, Mark Twain's "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," Cabell's "Jurgen" of course, Anatole France's "Thais." As the preface says, "this is not a list of the best 2,350 novels, judged as literature, but a list of 2,350 of the best novels for public library use." Librarians must decide.

Studies in Evolution and Genetics. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

This volume contains some sixteen unrelated chapters on various biological topics such as evolution, natural selection, heredity, eugenics, race mixtures, and the Negro, many of which have appeared in magazines previously. The author says in the preface that "the present volume makes no claim to unity of treatment; the topics chosen for discussion represent some of the peculiar interests of the writer which have grown out of several years of occupation with the fields of heredity, evolution, and eugenics."

Colonial Lighting. By Arthur H. Hayward. B. J. Brimmer Company. \$7.50.

It is striking evidence of the progress made in native anti-quarianism that an elaborate monograph, fully illustrated with photographs and drawings, should have been devoted solely to the various methods by which American houses were illuminated before 1800. Though the text of Mr. Hayward's book is without distinction, his pictures will move every collector to fresh activity.

Jane—Our Stranger. By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A study of contrasts in temperament marked by excellent writing and shrewd delineation, although not quite as well-knit a narrative as "The Romantic Woman." Mrs. Borden knows her milieu; her development of her theme—an international marriage—is civilized and sharply projected.

Folk-Lore in the Old Testament. Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law. By Sir James George Frazer. Abridged Edition. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

This volume, following close upon a similar volume abridging "The Golden Bough," encourages the hope that Frazer is about to render all of his monumental works in anthropology accessible to a wide public. No greater service to civilization could be performed by this superb man of letters and historian of the mind of man.

Justice of the Peace. By Frederick Niven. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

One should be a painter, writer, etcher, and wholesale merchant, all in one, to extract the full flavor from this fine novel—so crowded with human values and artistic insight. Mr. Niven's accuracy, his sense of the subtle interplay of emotions, and his ability to project life in three dimensions are emphatically attested in these pages. The conflict which arises between mother and son of antagonistic temperaments has been handled here with discrimination and sincerity; the result is a novel of genuine achievement.

"*Racundra's*" *First Cruise*. By Arthur Ransome. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50.

"The desire to build a house," declares Mr. Ransome, "is the tired wish of a man content thenceforward with a single anchorage. The desire to build a boat is the desire of youth, unwilling yet to accept the idea of a final resting-place." As with all generalizations, there is doubtless a leak somewhere in this dogmatism, but one is quite willing to let it pass, particularly if the holding of such sentiments takes the form of a cruise such as the *Racundra's*. This book is the log of five weeks of unhurried adventure among the islands of the Eastern Baltic—a corner of the globe which appears filled with attractions for the seeing eye and sea-faring spirit. The craft which carried Mr. Ransome upon this loosely charted excursion was a sturdy ketch, which boasted the luxury of a power motor never used. It was manned by a cook, an "ancient mariner," and the "master and owner." These last, according to Mr. Ransome, are the words which, in moments of humiliation, he addresses to himself; they restore him to his full stature. Considering what a small vessel the *Racundra* is and how limited its crew, one marvels at the amount of pleasure and comfort he provides—in these pages—for the passengers.

Over the Hills of Ruthenia. By Henry Baerlein. London: Leonard Parsons. 7/6.

Ruthenia—one of the least polished jewels in the historic crown of St. Stephen, as the author says—finds a sympathetic interpreter in Mr. Baerlein. His study of the smallest of the Slav peoples and of their country is an adroit blend of history and anecdote; it has plenty of first-hand information spiced with occasional pinches of first-hand prejudice. These pages have a freshness derived from the consideration of scenes which have not been rendered shopworn by the historians, or trite by the globe-trotters.

Silbermann. By Jacques de Lacretelle. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

This novel—which was awarded the Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse—is a sinewy, unsentimental narrative in which the antagonism between a French schoolboy and his Jewish associate is unfolded with dramatic directness. In a style quite free of affectations, the story is developed, with sympathy which keeps within the bounds of restraint and with an understanding which enables one to see both sides of the prejudice.

The Story of Man's Mind. By George Humphrey. Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.

This is an intelligible treatment of the growth of the powers of the mind, written for the lay reader. It is as clear as a magazine short story, and more interesting than most. The book appears superficial, so successfully has the author laid aside the technical vocabulary and used the language of everyday speech; but there is nothing superficial in the material set forth. Even the slight treatment of psychoanalysis is illuminating to the uninitiated. The volume may be cordially recommended as a clear book upon an important and cloudy subject.

Trobar Chus. By Ramon Guthrie. Northampton, Massachusetts: Norman Fitts. \$2.

Very able poems conceived in Ezra Pound's two veins—Provençal and enfant terrible. There are engaging translations from Bertran de Born, and there is effective satire in the more modern portions.

The Terms of Conquest. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

This is a novel about a man who is as hard as nails, but there's about as much variety in a volume of him as there is in a keg of them. The driving power of business needs to be transformed if it is to be made the motive force in a work of fiction; Mr. O'Brien has used it pretty much in its original state, with a consequent sacrifice of subtlety and imaginative insight.

Gitta Gradova

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

ONE'S musical adventures in the concert halls are not always crowned by personal encounter afterwards in the green-room. But Gitta Gradova is one of those rare musicians in whom the miracle of the artist is repeated in the human being. Whether one meets her as a pianist, or as a girl still in her teens, she challenges one's heart and one's brains. For hers is not that wandering genius that comes and goes at will, like a stranger at a hostelry, but that permanent, all-embracing kind, the fine flowering of a race. One feels that back of her dominant musical personality lies another even more powerful—the combined heritage of a supremely intellectual, emotional, philosophical, and mystical ancestry. We find it taking outlet in Bach, an intellectual and a mystic, and the father of modern harmony; in Franck, the apostle of modern Catholicism; in Chopin, the founder of modern piano music, and the emotional forerunner of Scriabin; and, finally, in Scriabin himself, that burning devotee of occultism, who tried to translate his creed into music. And in Gitta Gradova we find it renewing its strength in the most profound introspection.

The result is extraordinary. Her Scriabin has all the myriad dynamics that every pianist seeks, and at the same time she does for him what no other pianist has yet been able to do—she pierces those outer wrappings that make their appeal solely to the nerves and reveals the flame that was the man himself. For the first time, we hear not only the poet who drank in the world through his senses, but the philosopher who tried to give it back again through his soul—the true Scriabin. And for the first time, too, with her, we hear the true César Franck. For she makes us lose the gentle dreamer and the mystic in the humanitarianism of the man, until we listen as though we were listening in a cathedral. There is a certain inevitability in the way she thus lays bare stratum upon stratum of emotion, so that each becomes in turn an outer garment. She does it to Ravel, and reveals wells of tenderness beneath his formal classicism. Her Bach I have not yet heard; but Chopin she strips, on the one hand, of all the sickly sentimentalism of the salon, and, on the other, of all the clogging traditions of the concert platform, until we finally meet a fiery, revolutionary spirit, suffering, poetic, melancholy, but always vibrant.

Yet in spite of the astonishing resources of her personality, she has apparently been drawing upon them only for the last four years. Before then she had glittered as a *Wunderkind*, at the usual expense of the *Wunderkind* in childhood and education. Then came the teacher who rescued her from this devastating exploitation and who opened up for her new worlds of vision and life—the worlds of art, philosophy, and literature. Many other teachers have claimed her, of course, but she herself claims only one—this woman who finally awakened her. Until then the mystic in her had lain dormant. Scriabin, for instance, she hated. Yet it was through Scriabin that she first found herself. And this psychic kinship with the Russian mystic still forms the basis of her musical philosophy.

There is something curiously moving in the sincerity which she brings to life, and in the passion with which she proclaims it, for at the same time she also trumpets her extreme youth. Yet, with this, youth in her seems to end. From the moment when she walks out on the platform until she walks back one realizes that here is an artist of perfect poise who knows exactly what she wants to say and how to say it. Here are no hesitant impulses, no faltering fingers, but a tremendous musical mentality guiding an equally tremendous technic, and controlling an unsurpassed variety of tonal color. Indeed, in the final summing up of Gitta Gradova, one must rank her not only as one of the great artists of today, but also as the foremost woman pianist now before the public.

Drama

Past and Present

A DISTINGUISHED American novelist depicting two people in an unusual social and moral situation lets these two people search within themselves for all the emotions which, under the circumstances, tradition and precept had taught them that they were bound to experience. With some surprise and more relief they discover that they are wholly innocent of the psychical processes expected. In this distinction, which has never been sufficiently emphasized, lies the real difference between the literature of, roughly, the past half century and the literature—saving the greatest—of the entire past. For observation without antecedent theory—that, as far as human experience goes, and that alone, has some chance of saving us.

This may seem an intolerably pedantic introduction to some remarks on the Provincetown Players' altogether charming revival of "Fashion" by Anna Cora Mowatt, an American comedy which, in the year 1845, was declared to be the "first attempt to exhibit on the American stage a picture of American society and manners," had a run that, for those days, was of phenomenal duration, and is still held by historians to be the first memorable play of native origin. Poe, to be sure, saw through it. He spoke of its "total deficiency in verisimilitude." But even Poe hedged. London, moreover, was as well pleased as New York. Mrs. Mowatt was compared to Garrick, Colman, and Sheridan and was declared to have proved that "a strictly American drama can be called into existence."

Well, the comparison was not so very absurd. "Fashion" and "The School for Scandal" are related as are the ox-cart and the stage-coach. Both are frozen patterns of preconceived notions as to how people felt and acted. A gleam of any bit of genuine observation surprises and delights us equally in both. That the independent farmer was a model of all the virtues, especially the democratic ones, was an assumption of a certain type of early nineteenth-century idealism. Hence Mrs. Mowatt's *deus ex machina* and *raisonneur* is an independent farmer, and a ditty is sung in his praise. That is assumption number one. Assumption number two is that the pedantic, pale, and uncomfortable virtues which he proclaims are both useful and agreeable. Mrs. Mowatt envisaged neither her farmer nor the virtues he proclaims. Her own life seems to have been rich, gay, bold, and vivid. But so soon as her pen touched paper she ceased to think, to let herself feel, to reason from experience.

I am betrayed into this discourse by a remark of Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, who is responsible, I believe, for this quaint, delightful, and hilarious revival. "The thing," I said, "didn't have to be burlesqued; it burlesques itself." "Wait and see," he retorted, "how our stuff will seem in a hundred years." And this is what I deny. We observe; we record. The difference between, say, "Tarnish" and "Fashion" is a difference almost in kind. Observation has almost awakened new senses. Consider an Elizabethan anthology and a modern one. The former may have more music and superficial charm. It tells us nothing. All its conceptions are preconceptions. The latter opens worlds—of nature, of the inconceivably intricate soul of man.

You may see "Fashion" without any such burdensome observations. It is exquisitely done. It is of an adorable innocence. I wanted the intermissions to be longer so that I could linger over a marvelous reproduction of the original curtain. All the properties are idyllic in their American early Victorianism. The acting is delicious; the contemporary songs, especially the ditty entitled "Call me pet names, dear; call me a bird," are beyond price. As a subject for intelligent, for almost *kulturhistorisch* laughter, I commend "Fashion" with enthusiasm. I have seen it once; I plan to go again.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Saving Hungary

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE Hungarian loan which, according to plans elaborated by the financial experts of the League of Nations, will be offered for subscription simultaneously in New York, London, and Paris is the second financial experiment of the League. The object of the first international loan negotiated under its auspices was to rehabilitate the finances of Austria. It is considered as one of its main results that Austria has today the only stabilized currency in Europe. The era of prosperity, ushered in by the process of stabilization, following a long period of economic depression in Austria, verified the contention of those who held that it was not the depreciation of the Austrian currency which was the cause of the breakdown of her fiscal system but its fluctuation, which made its role illusory as a standard of values.

It was with an eye upon the example of the stabilizing process in Austria that Count Stephen Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, applied to the League of Nations for a Hungarian loan. Unlike Austria, Hungary has experienced a series of economical crises during the last year. The Hungarian currency joined the rank of those continental European exchanges whose value has been dwindling to microscopic dimensions. Subsequently resort was taken to the printing presses, whose feverish activity was followed by the familiar signs of an economic collapse. As a shortcut to more normal economic conditions the help of the League of Nations was invoked. A financial delegation appointed by the League went to Budapest last November in order to obtain first-hand information concerning Hungarian conditions. The granting of the loan was recommended and preliminary arrangements were made.

It soon developed, however, that the difficulties in the way of a Hungarian loan were much greater than those with which the advocates of the loan for Austria had had to contend.

When the case of the Austrian loan came up for consideration by the League there was practically no opposition to it. Financially it was desirable not only for Austria but also for the surrounding countries that the Austrian Federal Republic should be put on its feet again. Vienna, the capital of Austria, has never ceased to be the natural trade center of most of Central and Eastern Europe. Its location as well as its traditions of long standing secured for it a privileged position as the commercial and financial clearing-house of the Danube basin. Whatever fate, therefore, overtook Vienna was bound to react on the welfare of all the nations whose business interests were interlocked with those of the Austrian capital. It was conceded that without a prosperous Vienna a prosperous Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, or Rumania was a dream. And as the prosperity of Vienna could not be dissociated from a prosperous Austria, the financial rehabilitation of the Alpine republic was decided upon.

Politically, Austria occupied an equally advantageous position. Ever since the end of the hostilities it has been considered the "good boy" among the defeated nations. Never for a moment was Austria in danger of a monarchist restoration. The provisions of the Treaty of Saint Germain

were complied with to the letter. Compulsory military service was abolished without the intervention of more than a nominal control by the Allies.

Thus, the Powers were assured that by supporting the request of Austria for an international loan they would not go counter to their own interests, and at the same time they could assure themselves that, desperate as was the financial situation of Austria, there could be no hope of collecting any reparation payments. The problem was, therefore, to secure for Austria an international loan which should be unencumbered with dues accruing on her reparation account. The revenues of the Austrian customs duties and of her tobacco monopoly were designated as collateral of a loan of 650 million gold crowns which was raised subsequently. To make the proposition more attractive Great Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Belgium guaranteed the loan.

Quite different is the case of Hungary. Ever since the downfall of the government of Count Karolyi in 1919 political conditions have been chaotic in the land of the Magyars. In addition to two attempts at monarchist restoration a number of political murders have been committed and a reign of terror carried on. The military provisions of the Treaty of the Trianon were quite openly violated. The war of revenge was continually preached even by responsible statesmen. The anemic attempts of a few liberal newspapers to make popular a policy of reconciliation toward the neighboring nations were mercilessly suppressed, while the most inflammatory articles of reactionary publications against the "rapacious vultures who have benefited from the dismemberment of Hungary" were passed unnoticed by an otherwise watchful censorship. The so-called irredentist societies were tolerated, while a political party which tried to propagate republicanism was dissolved.

When, therefore, the request of the Hungarian Government for an international loan was submitted to the League of Nations the countries adjoining Hungary, and more particularly the member states of the Little Entente, announced their wish to participate in the elaboration of the plan of reconstruction. Their chief aim was to prevent Hungary from spending the proceeds of the prospective loan for military purposes. On the other hand, the Hungarian Government expressed its suspicion that the Little Entente might find this a favorable moment to interfere with the home affairs of Hungary or to infringe upon her sovereignty. In order to dispel the apprehensions of both parties a preliminary diplomatic protocol was drawn up which is known as Protocol I. This document, as published by the Hungarian Government, is in the following terms:

PROTOCOL I

The Government of His Majesty the King of Great Britain, the Government of the French Republic, the Government of His Majesty the King of Italy, the Government of His Majesty the King of Rumania, the Government of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and the Government of the Czecho-Slovak Republic,

While expressing their desire to cooperate in the work of the financial and economic rehabilitation of Hungary,

Acting exclusively in the interest of Hungary, of universal peace, and in accordance with those duties which they have taken upon themselves as members of the League of Nations,

Hereby declare solemnly:

That they will respect the political independence, the

territorial integrity, and the sovereignty of Hungary,

That they are not and will not engage in procuring for themselves any advantages or privileges which may, directly or indirectly, endanger the independence of Hungary,

That they will refrain from such activities as are contradictory to the spirit of the agreement that is to be concluded between the interested Powers with a view to the economic and financial rehabilitation of Hungary and from such activities as may endanger those guaranties which the underwriting Powers will select in an effort to safeguard the interests of the lenders,

And that, in order to make it certain that these principles shall be respected by all nations, they will apply in controversial cases to the League of Nations either individually or collectively, in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations, by whose award they will abide.

On the other hand, the Government of Hungary:

Undertakes to fulfil loyally the obligations imposed upon it by the Treaty of the Trianon, more eminently those of a military character,

And declares:

That it will refrain from such activities as are contradictory to the spirit of the agreement that is to be concluded between the interested Powers with a view to the economic and financial rehabilitation of Hungary and from such activities as may endanger those guaranties which the underwriting Powers will select in an effort to safeguard the interest of the lenders.

Within the limits set by the provisions of the Treaty of the Trianon Hungary is free to determine the schedule of customs duties, to conclude commercial and financial agreements, and to settle such questions as affect her economic and commercial connections with foreign countries. However, Hungary must not endanger her economic independence by establishing such relations with other states as would be likely to become a menace to her sovereignty.

The present protocol is open for signature to all Powers.

The financial provisions of the international agreement concerning the loan differ considerably from those which were adopted in the case of Austria. The loan amounts only to 250 million gold crowns, whose refund, unlike the Austrian loan, is not guaranteed by the Powers. For the service of interest and amortization the revenues of the customs duties, of the tobacco, sugar, and salt taxes will be set aside. As a preliminary requirement of the financial salvaging of Hungary the raising of an internal loan of 50 million gold crowns was agreed upon. If this amount cannot be raised by voluntary subscription compulsion will be resorted to, which will take the form of a capital levy. According to present arrangements, the money printing presses will be stopped by the end of March. Simultaneously, a new bank of issue will be set up possessing an initial capital of 30 million gold crowns.

One of the most important deviations from the Austrian plan is that part of the proceeds of the loan will be set aside to cover reparations payments. From the month of June, 1926, Hungary will have to pay annually 10 million gold crowns on account of reparations.

The main details of the loan are embodied in the so-called Protocol II, which according to the Budapest newspaper *Vilag* contains the following provisions:

The Hungarian Government is obliged to find ways and means to increase national revenues and to cut down expenses. The national budget will have to be prepared every six months. The League of Nations will appoint a commissioner whom the Hungarian Government is obliged to assist by every means at its disposal. The decisions of the commissioner can be appealed to the Council of the League

of Nations. A committee will be appointed by the Reparation Commission to see that Hungary complies with the reparation provisions of the agreement. The amortization of the loan will be effected during a period of twenty years. The Hungarian Parliament is required to confer upon the Government full power to represent it in all dealings with the financial section of the League of Nations.

In addition to the contractual obligations the Hungarian Government was advised by the Powers to establish "friendly relations with the neighboring states and to eliminate those artificial obstacles which are in the way of an unhampered intercourse among the nations." As one of the first measures along these lines the Hungarian Government made it known recently that the import and export restrictions will be abolished "unless their maintenance is warranted by the vital interests of home industries."

As could have been foreseen, the action of the League of Nations encountered considerable opposition in Hungary itself. Members of the hypertrophied Hungarian national army are concerned over a possible stricter control of the military affairs of Hungary. The extremists, whose power is much more real than that of the Government, are puzzled over the potential "outside interference," by which they understand the possibility of energetic representations on the part of the commissioner of the League to prevent terrorism involving the loss of life, property, and foreign goodwill, which may affect unfavorably the prospects of a successful execution of the reconstruction scheme. In order to demonstrate their opposition to the action of the League of Nations the Hungarian reactionary societies adopted a policy of increased intimidation. The recent outrageous bomb attack of reactionaries at the Jewish women's charity ball in Csongrád, in the course of which many lives were lost, was apparently calculated to discredit the Hungarian Government.

Despite the violent opposition of the extreme right it is assumed that the Government will have a parliamentary majority sufficient to have the protocols ratified. For Europe, this second experiment of salvaging a country is all the more important because it affords opportunity to study at a close range the execution of a plan in which not only the financial rehabilitation of a country, as in the case of Austria, but also the solution of the reparation problem is attempted. Hungary's case, on a smaller scale, applies to the problem of Germany.

South Africa Declares Economic Independence

1. A CHALLENGE FROM GENERAL SMUTS

"IMPERIAL PREFERENCES" are the central theme of present British overseas commercial policy—a method of securing raw materials from the dominions and of marketing manufactured products in the dominions. Britain is prepared to carry out her part of the bargain, but there seems to be great difficulty in keeping the dominions in line.

The latest declaration of dominion independence comes from South Africa, and it is voiced by no less a person than General Smuts. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* for October 4, 1923, on the subject of South Africa as a Dominion Opportunity for British Capital, General Smuts comments at length on the new spirit which has arisen among South African business men. He writes:

It is significant from the British manufacturer's point of view that a number of local industries in the Union today are being bolstered up at the expense of the imported article, which in a number of cases cannot hope to compete with the local product on account of the prohibitive import duties. This has proved to be particularly the case in regard to foot-wear.

2. BOOTS AND SHOES

An official publication, the *South African Journal of Industries* for November, 1923, contains some additional information concerning South African boot and shoe competition with the British manufacturers. Boot and shoe imports into the Union of South Africa are valued at about 5 million dollars a year. At the same time, this publication notes:

South Africa is a very large producer and exporter of hides and skins of good quality, and nearly 10 million dollars' worth were exported in 1922.

Thus the value of raw materials exported is double the value of foot-wear imported. The *Journal* continues:

It is only in recent years, however, that these materials have been utilized locally for the production of manufactured leather goods. At the present time much attention is being devoted to the boot and shoe industry, and the industry has been assisted by an increase in the duty on boots and shoes from 20 per cent to 30 per cent ad valorem.

3. THE PREFERENCES

The preferences given by South Africa to products of the United Kingdom may be important in theory. In practice they are comparatively insignificant. Thus, the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* for October 4 notes that the total imports into the Union of South Africa from the United Kingdom in 1921 were valued at 27.1 million pounds sterling, while the amount of the preferential rebate on these goods was only 751 thousand pounds sterling.

4. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

"Statistics of Production," an official publication of the Union of South Africa, in its 1922 edition, reports the total number of industrial establishments as follows:

1916.....	3,998	1919.....	5,968
1917.....	5,305	1920.....	6,890
1918.....	5,918	1921.....	7,005

The greatest increase occurred during the war, but since 1919 each year records a steady growth.

This industrial growth is quite generally distributed. Thus, the number of metal, engineering, machinery, and cutlery works was reported as 486 in 1916, 753 in 1919, and 897 in 1921; the number of factories engaged in the production of clothing increased from 421 in 1916 to 668 in 1921; vehicle factories numbered 311 in 1916 and 888 in 1921; there were 131 leather and leather-ware factories in 1916 and 263 in 1921. All of these productive activities compete with those of Great Britain, and all of them have continued to grow since the war.

5. WHAT SOUTH AFRICA PROPOSES TO DO

The policy that South African business men must pursue under these circumstances is very plain. The *South African Journal of Industries*, already referred to, takes up the wool industry as typical:

The abnormal conditions brought about by the war, and the enormous increase in the cost of freight, and the higher rate of wages caused by labor trouble overseas have given South Africa a splendid opportunity of establishing a woolen industry on a sound basis.

These conditions, together with the fact that "the abundance of native labor and the proximity of the supplies of raw materials are great advantages," make it inevitable that the active business interests in South Africa should do their own wool manufacturing.

Not only that, but "the scouring of wool for export is also to be carried on, and this will lead to a saving of freight and railage on the price landed at the port of shipment." In addition, the valuable by-products, such as wool-grease, will be retained in South Africa, where they will find a ready market.

Heretofore "almost the whole Union wool-clip has been shipped overseas, there to be manufactured into goods which are brought back to South Africa." From this time forward, however, South African policy is to undergo a decided change and with the greatest possible expedition wool is to be manufactured from home raw materials and the product sold in the home market.

A Fascist Labor Program

THE manager of the press office of the Fascist labor federation has sent us a copy of the program of the federation, from which we take the following passages:

Organization of society on a syndical basis; representation of the interests of all sections and classes in the syndical organization. So, syndicalism is no longer, as formerly, a specific expression of classes' and workers' sectional interests but . . . it becomes a constitutional manifestation of the people at large; in other words, it identifies itself with the nation.

The interest and the duty of all classes is a progressive and intense production, proportionate to the ever-growing needs of the nation; such interest consists in a struggle against the wasting of riches as well as against parasitism. . . .

Fascist syndicalism affirms that the development of production implies the increase of invested capital in ever more perfected forms of production—an increase which ought to happen not at the expense of salaries.

The increase of productive activities means an expansion of riches and an enlargement of the middle class. It becomes essential, then, to give the elite of the working class a chance for the direct acquisition and management of the instruments and means of production.

We have no objection to any form . . . of organization of labor, provided that it really represents technical capacity and intelligence . . . and provided that it remains on a basis of free competition, without interference on the part of the state organs. We are firmly convinced that all classes are necessary, so far as they are able to fulfil a function inherent in the hierarchical division of capacities, a thing indispensable to a scientific organization of production.

However, the specific principle of Fascist syndicalism does not admit the organization of labor along class lines with the purpose of disrupting production; it cannot admit either general strikes embracing all the industries, or a strike of a single industry covering the whole national territory.

On the contrary, the "struggle for capacities" admits the practice of factional struggle, with an eventual implication of the right to strike, although such strikes ought to be localized, or called against groups obnoxious to the general interests of labor and national production; otherwise the struggle would become of a political character. . . .

At present the Confederation numbers fourteen sections: agriculture, industry, intellectual professions, theater, clerks, sanitary workers, harbor workers, hotel workers, artistic trades, cinema, food, aeronautics, state industries, transportation and communications.

